The Changing of the Guard, By Theodore H. White

Saturday Review

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SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHEN SPACE TRAVEL WAS WITCHCRAFT

By John Lear

Johannes Kepler—His seventeenth-century report on space research became a family nightmare. *(See p. 39)*

NO HIX IN THE STIX?

By D. W. Brogan

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The treasure hunt in literature has always been a favorite subject, whether the hidden wealth is pieces of eight or the ancient crown of the Stuarts. The key ingredient (besides the treasure, of course) is what Tom Sawyer might have called The Directions—Billy Bones' map, the Musgrave Ritual, or whatever.

The latest in a long series of bizarre Directions was uncovered a few years back in the form of two moldering copper scrolls, found in a cave near the Dead Sea. When the scrolls were finally translated, they proved to be an involved set of instructions for finding, in various Palestinian locations, a treasure worth at least a million dollars.

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The author of two previous books on the Dead Sea scrolls and their authors, Mr. Allegro has become an authority on the whole enigma. He has now written "The Treasure of the Copper Scroll," a complete rendering for scholar and layman of the contents of this latest discovery.

While the locating of the treasure sites is itself fascinating reading, I find Mr. Allegro's processes of deduction even more intriguing. Any way you look at it, "The Treasure of the Copper Scroll" is enriching vacation fare.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

While the other tools for treasure hunting probably aren't carried by your local bookseller or by the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, they will all have "The Treasure of the Copper Scroll" ($4.95), which is published by Doubleday and Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

Saturday Review

AUGUST 6, 1960

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

JULY was the month of Cuba, the Congo, the conventions, and—in their new front tier—the Kennedys. As for Chicago, Rockefeller efforts to the contrary—or, depending on your views, for the country—it all seemed rather anticlimactic, even for Vice President. It was bad enough having one convention a walkaway; then the other had to be in the bag.

• • •

For all the TV coverage, somehow we doubt that the final figures will make too happy reading for the network stockholders. And, ironically enough, our favorite interview of both conventions occurred on radio. "How would you like," a Los Angeles interviewer asked Zsa Zsa Gabor, "a *cute* President?" We never did hear Zsa Zsa's answer. But we did read, in Edwin P. Hoyt, Jr.'s "Jumbos and Jackasses," a book about 100 years of conventions and elections, that Americans, generally speaking—and particularly when they're voting for generals—vote for the man and not the party. "Of vital issues that stood above the men running for office," he says, "there have really been only four in this century of two-party politics: slavery, money, depression, and war." Seems this time, we might add, we've got at least three of them.

• • •

July was also unruly. In fact, what might be called the New Unruliness was evident not only in Japan, Turkey, Panama, Cuba, and the Congo; it was also evident right here at home. The most outstanding example was, of course, the Newport Jazz Festival, but we saw the virus in action before the month even started—first in the Yankee Stadium melee-mobbing of Mickey Mantle and again in the ringside rumble at the Patterson-Johansson fight. At the latter, the only two people who seemed to be able to control the bungling of the crowds by the Messrs. Roy Cohn and his fellow promoters were an unlikely pair of ringsters named Tom Dewey and Toots Shor. The few Pinkerton men and the police who were available apparently remembered Dewey as their boss, and when he said "Clear those seats," they—well—cleared those seats. As for Toots, he was almost equally effective just standing and bellowing, "T'row de bums outa dere!" One huge two-seater, however, refused to budge. "I'm with Yohannson," he said. "Svedish." Somehow it reminded us of the oldest story in the newest state—when the tourist, upon arrival, says, "Tell me, how do you natives pronounce it? Hawaii or Havaii?" Replies the native, "Havaii." Says the tourist, "Thank you." Says the native, "You're velcome."

Speaking of travel, it was the biggest month in history for the travel business, and we had a letter from a friend of ours, garment manufacturer Samuel Hoffman. He came to this country from Czarist Russia exactly sixty years ago, and this summer was his seventh visit back. One of the few pre-Sputnik travelers who weren't fooled, he reports this time a message for America. "Laziness, lack of discipline, and lack of responsibility are on the increase in this generation of Americans," he says. "We need new vitality." On the other side of the coin, also in Russia, another friend of ours, the legal eagle Arnold Weissberger, found business vitality in the very first Russian he met—a lad of eleven who knew just eleven words of English. "I little business man," he said. "I give you twenty-five rubles the dollar."

• • •

Among other things, the end of the month brought surcease from labor for 160,000 enumerators of the U. S. Census Bureau. Shortly before the end, we had a chat with Arthur Young, regional director of New York State—or 9 per cent of the population. "It'll be finished," he said grimly, "or I'll be." Another censuser told us that New York City was the toughest of all cities and last to be completed—and all because of "night people, transients, and people of irregular living habits." There had to be "T-Nights" for the hotels (Transients) as well as "M-Nights" not only for the missions but also for the flophouses and local lock-ups. On "T-Night," curiously enough, the higher-priced hotels were just as difficult to handle, room by room, as the very lowest-priced hostelries. "Same trouble," we were told briefly: "people of irregular living habits."

• • •

There was irregular living, too, at the mid-summer meeting of the New York "Couture Group." At one time on the ramp at just one of more than thirty collections, Latryl Layton, women's editor of the *Fort Worth Press,* counted no less than six of the new hand-sewn, beaded jobs—retailing at something over $3,000 per dress. Even in Fort Worth, she told us, one of the richest cities in the country and a city of half a million, she felt there were only a thousand women, at a generous estimate, who would even go to a place where a dress like that would be worn. Only a handful at most, she said, would ever actually wear them. "As for myself," she concluded, "in these times I felt guilty even writing about them."

• • •

Among the notable deaths of the month were those of John P. Marquand, Lawrence Tibbett, and Buddy Adler. There were also two very notable wills. The first was the late Gene Fowler's:

> There comes a time in the life of every artist when he must decide between the objectives of moneyed ease and/or the sure prospect of lonely struggle and sacrifice and lack of recognition until he grows old or is dead. The latter choice was mine; my only regret is that I am unable to insure the financial protection of my beloved wife, Agnes.

• • •

The second will was written by that grand gentleman of Philadelphia, John B. Kelly, world-famed sculler and father of Princess Grace of Monaco. At the beginning, Mr. Kelly said firmly:

> Kids will be called kids/ and not "issue," and it will not be cluttered up with "parties of the first part," "per stirpes," "perpetuities," "quasi-judicial," "to wit," and a lot of other terms that I am sure are only used to confuse those for whose benefit it was written. . . . Some lawyers will question this when they read my will; however, I have my opinion of some of them, so that makes us even.

And, at the end, Mr. Kelly, one of the finest men we ever knew, wrote bravely:

> As for me, just shed a respectful tear if you think I merit it, but I am sure that you are all intelligent enough not to weep all over the place. I have watched a few emotional acts at graves, such as trying to jump into into it, fainting, etcetera, but the thoroughbred grieves in the heart. . . . So just remember, when I shove off for greener pastures, or whatever it is on the other side of the curtain, that I do it unafraid, and, if you must know, a little curious.

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Los Angeles.

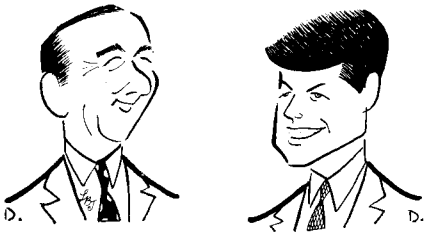
IT WAS a subdued convention.

The eye and ear caught the usual surface sights and sounds of carnival: there were bands, banners, street floats, demonstrations, the flags of every state, girls, limousines, police sirens, and two competing delegations of Puerto Ricans who enlivened the lobby of the headquarters hotel with steel-band music and dancing. Oratory drenched the air of caucus and convention, and for three days the last loud pilgrims of Adlai Stevenson ringed the convention hall in an endless chain, chanting to the evening skies with a noise and enthusiasm unmatched since the days of Willkie. But for the delegates themselves, and for those who take their politics seriously, it was a flat gathering. The most important emotions, except for those of the Stevensonians, lay beneath the surface—intense, but voiceless to express themselves.

The Biltmore Hotel, convention headquarters, was thronged—as all headquarters are thronged—with the curious, always seeking to poke their faces into the TV camera, and, among them, the staffs of the candidates, the convention personnel, the press. But the delegates themselves were scattered over thirty-five miles of Los Angeles's palm-starred boulevard, few of them willing to trust their driving skills on the city's mad freeways, and most of them reluctant to spend the five or ten dollars for a taxi ride from one center of their sprawling dispersion to another. (From Pennsylvania headquarters in Pasadena to New York headquarters in Hollywood was a fifteen-dollar taxi ride, which discouraged casual visiting between these two traditionally friendly delegations.) It was a balmy week, the weather as perfect as it must have been before man's smog fouled Los Angeles, so delegates caucused in their individual hotels by states, or lounged near swimming pools and sent their wives and children off to Disneyland while they followed proceedings largely by TV and the hourly extras.

A national convention, always a universe in itself, is usually bound together in a compact huddle of downtown hotels in some compact, clotted city so that geographical nearness throws delegates together until they can simmer into a common boil. But this convention was a diffuse one with only two focal points, the Biltmore Hotel and the Sports Arena; it was difficult to create the emotions to stampede such a convention; had it been otherwise, Adlai Stevenson might have had a chance. The universe of this convention was atomized and dispersed—as was the greater universe of reality outside and beyond it.

Those delegates who might have flown to Los Angeles in 1956, and the press corps which did fly en masse to the Republican Convention in California four years ago, could only have



flown on the now obsolete prop-pulled planes, which then took nine to twelve hours to span the continent. The delegates who flew from the East Coast for this convention made the flight in the new jets—five hours from coast to coast, the continent spanned in half the time. So much had America shrunk since 1956, as the world had shrunk.

This shrinkage of the world, this changing world, this world of challenge and Communism, was indeed the central theme all orators seized upon. They not only seized upon the theme; they repeated it, hammered it, flattened it until the entire convention seemed a continuous drone of great worries dimmed by overlapping clichés. Whenever one tuned the inner ear to attention to separate words from the drone, the same phrases came shimmering through the blur: ". . . the ramparts of freedom . . . this world, half free and half slave . . . this, the most powerful nation on earth, reduced to . . . leadership . . . uncommitted nations . . . the revolution of technology . . . the revolution of rising expectations . . . the people who look to us for an example . . . twenty-five minutes away from the pushbutton on Khrushchev's desk . . . ." All the great concerns were reduced to a common patter, and, with the exception of John Kennedy's brilliant closing address of acceptance, the speeches bored the delegates and made them fidget. The delegates already knew the burden of the times: on Monday, the day the convention opened, Khrushchev rattled his rockets in support of Cuba, Castro spat on us again, the Congo broke into chaos.

The world was, indeed, changing. This every delegate knew; these were remarkably sober, earnest delegates, with fewer drunks among them than in living memory. They brooded, and many of them actually read in their hotels. From Beverly Hills to Pasadena, the booksellers had a run on stock. Three of the most important bookstores in Los Angeles (Hunter's, Pickwick, Brown's) sold completely out of Kennedy's "Strategy of Peace," two sold completely out of Adlai Stevenson's "Putting First Things First," and Kennedy's "Profiles in Courage" was also all but cleaned out. (Pickwick, Hollywood's great bookstore, sold out of "American Freedom and Catholic Power," too.) Thus it was not only the outside universe that was changing, but the universe of the convention, too.

A convention is usually made up of older, if not wiser, men than the voters who send them there. In most states, party leadership chooses delegates who are long-time, trusted party servants; or men of eminence in culture, diplomacy, and the professions who can adorn the delegation; or, in many cases, those who contribute the big money to the local party and now wish the honorable symbol of a delegate's badge. Most of those who come to a convention have earned, over long years of achievement at some level, the right to come. Delegates from the primary states are usually younger than the machine-picked delegations, but all of them, in one way or another, are older men, their ages averaging over fifty.

IT was these older men who felt most poignantly—and with expressive melancholy—their familiar universe changing about them. One could see drifting through the lobbies such former powers as James Farley, or Tommy Corcoran, or Scott Lucas, or Claude Pepper—but they were powerless relicts. Even currently active politicians of an ineffectual age—Carmine DiSapio and Mike Prendergast, leaders of New York's huge but impotent delegation—stalked about together, almost hand in hand, as if dazed and lost and afraid to be alone. The strenuous applause for Eleanor Roosevelt, the applause for Sam Rayburn, the tumultuous applause for Adlai Stevenson was not only for these people as individuals

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but also as symbols of a familiar past, a safer, victorious past. Even Averell Harriman, a man who has earned much credit from the Republic and wasted most of it in the local barbarian wars of New York politics, received a round of sincere, heart-warming clapping and cheering. It was as if only his triumphs in Moscow, Washington, London, and Paris were remembered from a larger, more glorious past.

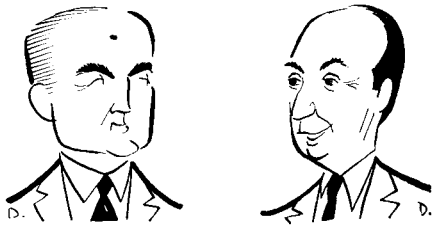
It was when they faced the future (to which every orator summoned them, saying we must boldly and fearlessly face the future) that they were perplexed. Time had passed them by. Perplexity was of the essence of this 1960 convention: perplexity at the great unclarified issues of the world which the headlines told about, and perplexity as they contemplated the only candidate their party had cast up who might face this future, John F. Kennedy.

IN this perplexity the convention was right. They could opt for the familiar past, or for the unknown future with Kennedy. Conventions in America are a stage where, quite often, the naked political act takes place in public; delegates like to imagine that each convention makes history as did those of 1932 and 1952, and, thus, that they too help shape history. But the shape of this convention had long since been determined before it gathered. It had been determined in Wisconsin and West Virginia, where Kennedy had stumped through the snows and spring grasses to show his magic with the simple voters. Now, in Los Angeles, he continued to stump, addressing every state caucus open to him down to noon on balloting day—and he used the same phrases, the same anecdotes, the same themes he had used to tow-haired youngsters in the school gyms of Wisconsin and to grimy miners in the hollows of West Virginia. He need not have stumped in the areas of critical convention strength—the urban delegations of the powerful Northeast—because he had long since compelled the handful of men who control the big state delegations to acquiescence and support. He had compelled them by showing his vote-pulling muscle in alien primaries, in farm state and urban state, in New England and the Pacific, in Catholic state and Protestant state. Yet he stumped now nonetheless.

Seeing him now in action, every group at the convention was perplexed by him.

John F. Kennedy impresses one as a high-spirited stallion—tense, handsome, graceful in actions of power, with hidden, dazzling reserves of intelligence, strength, and resiliency. Yet these are not qualities that necessarily create likableness; the perfection of performance created an awe—and a touch of fear. One can be inches close to Kennedy, yet always the last inch shelters a concealed reserve, a hidden barrier. Adlai Stevenson drowses when he is bored, for he does not suffer fools gladly. Yet when Stevenson gives himself, with all his wit and all his warmth, men leave with a sense of intimacy. With John Kennedy it is different. It is easier to approach Kennedy than any other major figure in politics; and his candor when he speaks is startling, the operation of his mind fascinating. But no man ever enters Kennedy's presence without total alertness, as if he were being tested by Kennedy's alertness.

To politicians, Kennedy is a strange phenomenon. He can discuss the four Pennsylvania districts that bothered Governor David Lawrence this spring, the composition of various wards in Boston, the problems of Governor Rossellini's ticket in Washington. But then, after having mastered politicians with his knowledge of the mechanics of their trade, he will befuddle them by an intellectual generalization out of a culture they have never perceived. He can also discuss American historiography with scholars, the qualities that make a good book, the character of the great Marlborough (quoting as he goes and speculating on Churchill's motives in writing the work)—and then baffle the intellectuals drawn to him by the grubbiest details of campaign housework and intrigue. The youth of the Democratic nominee, contrasting with the range of his practical and intellectual experience, creates perplexity—and thus the convention of older men accepted him, turning their generation over to another generation and an unknown master whom they could not understand, yet a master nonetheless.



PERHAPS the highest point of the convention, and certainly (with the exception of Kennedy's closing address) the most eloquently moving moment was the speech of Senator Eugene McCarthy pleading that the convention consider the name of Adlai Stevenson. Its eloquence, its nobility, its sense of people were superb. It was flawed only by the logic that held it together, for he pleaded with the delegates to ignore their instructions and vote for Stevenson. Yet Kennedy had invoked these instructions from the common people to their delegates in New Hampshire and Wisconsin, in West Virginia and Maryland, in Indiana and Oregon. He had piped up control over scores of such delegates with his own voice, by his own exertions in village square and basketball court. Then, having won in the far reaches of America, he had skilfully summoned the big-city bosses of the East to surrender to the strength he had shown. They had no choice. The primaries—those most primitive and homely of political instruments—were the club he had used to beat into submission the big-city bosses, who once thought him only a boy. Like most defeated chieftains, they proved after defeat his trusted allies, the necessary men to carry the convention. As when Caesar conquered the Gauls, and the Gallic cavalry brought to his banners after defeat the outriders and moppers-up necessary to harass Pompey in the following civil war, so Kennedy used the submissive chieftains of the big city to mop up Stevenson.

I think there will remain with me always a scene that followed immediately after Kennedy was nominated. Wyoming's vote had given Kennedy the official majority in the balloting and so, swiftly, the politicians darted from their seats on the convention floor, up the stands, and across the few hundred feet to the prefabricated cottage adjacent to the Arena, which had been converted into Kennedy's floor headquarters and command post.

John Bailey of Connecticut, bald and happy, boss of his state, was the first to arrive; he alone among the big-city bosses had been a Kennedy loyalist from the moment the campaign had been conceived. There arrived next the short, stocky Governor of Ohio, Mike DiSalle, the first reluctant chief conscripted by Kennedy in the winter. There arrived next Dick Daley, mayor of Chicago, boss of Illinois Democrats, short and stocky, too, dragooned to service only weeks before the convention opened. Then came the equally short and stocky Pennsylvanians, Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania and Congressman William Green, boss of Philadelphia. One by one, long and short, they arrived, for the word had spread that Kennedy would stop here for a moment of privacy before going to the rostrum of the convention itself. It was certainly the greatest convocation of Democratic political power in one room that this correspondent has ever seen. All wanted to be visibly and de-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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TRADE Winds

FAR-FLUNG HOTEL REPORT: The rash of Hilton Hotel jokes has invited endless and fruitless variations. The originals were: In Pisa, they're building the Tiltin' Hilton; in Moscow, the Comrade Hilton; in Berlin, the Heil Hilton.

The new crop includes: For Reno, the Jiltin' Hilton; for archeologists, the Piltdown Hilton; for the hot, sultry desert, the Wiltin' Hilton; for cheese lovers, the Stilton Hilton; for those who have charged too much on their credit cards, the Up-to-the-Hilton.

AQUATIC REPORT: The Map and Book Store, of Westport, Connecticut, has a large sign in its window reading: BOOKS FOR THE TUB.

TRAFFIC TICKET REPORT: Harper Lee, the Lippincott author whose first novel, "To Kill a Mocking Bird," was a) a Literary Guild selection, and b) picked

as a *Reader's Digest* condensed book, learned the good news of these selections on two successive days.

The first day, head in the clouds, she crossed an intersection at 86th Street and Lexington Avenue against a red light, and promptly received a two-dollar ticket for violating the law.

The second day, even more elated, she repeated the process at the same intersection, received another ticket.

When Maurice Crain, her agent, told her there was a good possibility of a movie sale, she said: "Don't tell me until I get across that intersection!"

PROBLEM-SOLVING REPORT: Answers to the word game described in TRADE WINDS of July 23 are: XOP, saxophone; DHP, jodhpurs; RIJU, marijuana; OMAHA, tomahawk; ZOP, schizophrenia.

LITERARY COMMENT REPORT: John Porter, the sports car racer, tells of a hammock game that sprang up at his summer home in Lime Rock, Connecticut.

"It's an insufferable game," Mr. Porter said, "and can produce unlimited groans of agony."

The idea is to take a book or author, and piece it together with a cliché which plays off the title or name. For instance:

"Have you read C. P. Snow?"

"No—I couldn't plow through him."

Or: "Have you read 'The Good Earth'?"

"Yes, but I didn't dig it."

Or: "Have you read 'The Leopard'?"

"Yes, but I found it spotty."

Or: "Have you read Dorothy Parker's 'Enough Rope'?"

"I just skipped through it."

"It's the surest way I know," concludes Mr. Porter, "of preventing a guest from overstaying his visit."

AQUATIC REPORT (DEEP SEA DIVISION): The very moment we read in *The New York Times* that the bottle-nosed dolphin might be at least equal and possibly superior to man in some aspects of brain power, we set out promptly to find a dolphin to interview. In fact, we were quite prepared to turn over an entire guest column to the first dolphin we came across, as a journalistic first.

However, our dreams came to an abrupt end when we talked to Dr. James W. Atz, associate curator of New York City's aquarium.

"I have to agree that the dolphin is a remarkable animal," Dr. Atz told us, "but I'm sure there is some misinterpretation about the report in the *Times*.

If what Dr. Lilly, who made this study for the Navy, says is true, then believe me we're in for a revolution—a whopping one. The discovery would take its place beside those of Freud, Pasteur, and Einstein. In my experience, I've found that a chimp is one of the most intelligent of animals, and he comes nowhere near the threshold of human intelligence. The suggestion that dolphins have a 'language' is very hard for me to believe. They do have a remarkable capacity for vocalization, and some kind of underwater sonar system, but language implies abstract ideas, idealization—that sort of thing, which have never been found in any animal. As far I can see, there's a seri-

Ashley Montagu says: "Anyone who omits to read *The Firmament of Time* deprives himself of an ennobling and enriching experience."

"It is a book I shall want to re-read many times for the sheer spiritual satisfaction and joy it gives . . . Eiseley is undoubtedly one of the ablest writers of our time, and the only living scientist who, as a scientist, writes enduring literature. Shelley once said of some book he had completed reading, that he had done so in a 'frenzy of enthusiasm'. This has been my experience with *The Firmament of Time*. I cannot imagine a reader who will not be similarly moved."

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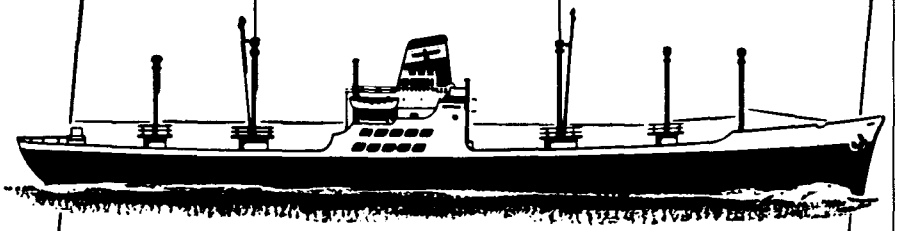

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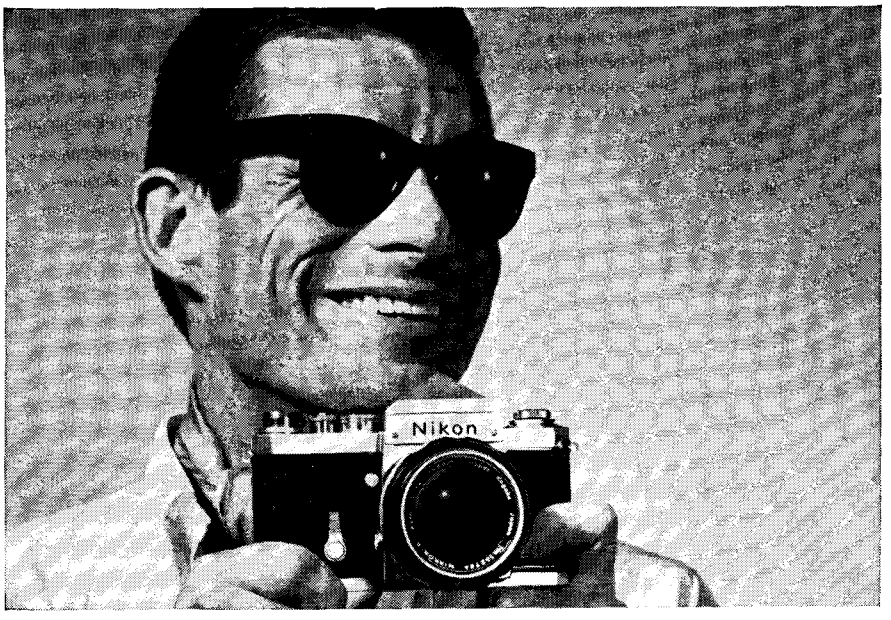

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ous misinterpretation in this report."

Our final disappointment came when we learned that there are no dolphins in the New York area to interview, even if they could verbalize.

"It would cost well over a million dollars to build the proper equipment in this climate to keep dolphins warm enough," Dr. Atz went on. "They're a warm-water mammal, and extremely difficult to catch. They come in near shore very fleetingly, and no one has yet equipped a boat in this area to do the job."

After our conversation, we returned to the world of people, without even a book by a dolphin for comfort.

POLITICAL REPORT: John Haggott, the producer, tells the story of a friend of his who entered a small bookshop, where he discovered a conservative gentleman in a bowler hat asking the proprietor if he had in stock a biography of Calvin Coolidge.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the proprietor, "but I've never had a call for it, and I'm not even sure there is one in print."

As the man in the bowler hat went toward the door, Haggott's friend whispered to the bookseller: "Why would *anyone* write a biography of Calvin Coolidge?"

Obviously, the whisper was too loud, for the man in the bowler hat stopped short at the door.

"At least he didn't rock the boat!" he said indignantly, and left.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1375)

Perry Mason:
Wisdom's Garment

Oh Wisdom, if I may but touch thy hem,
I ask not that thy shining diadem
Be placed on my so undeserving brow,
But I would, from thy lavish store, somehow
A modicum of understanding draw . . .
. . . . Sincerest court to thee I pay.
So pause and let me touch thy hem today.

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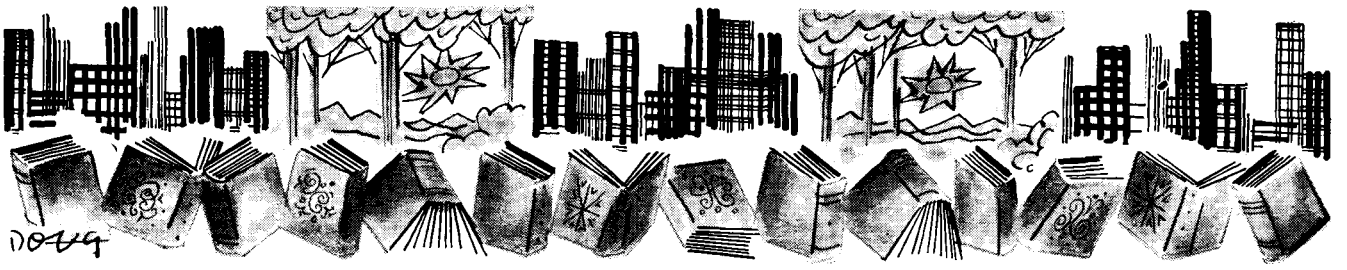
Saturday Review
AUGUST 6, 1960

NO HIX IN THE STIX?



By D. W. BROGAN, *English social historian and a long-time observer of life in America. Among his many books is "America in the Modern World."*

THE TITLE of these remarks is a theft from the style of that important source of language and sociological information, *Variety*. But it asserts a truth that the inhabitants of Manhattan neglect, or, rather, see only from one side. It is true that in many ways the domination of New York over the hinterland is more complete than ever. It is possibly rash to start a new publishing house anywhere, but it is inconceivable to start one outside Manhattan Island. The past theatrical season may have been the worst in living memory, but it was a series of flops in Manhattan, not in the sticks. TV may be terrible, but, with the doubtful exception of Hollywood, all the national shows have their origin in the "tight little island." There are many New Yorkers who note that Frank Lloyd Wright never made Manhattan until he was dead—and for them that is equivalent to not making the grade at all. It is the applause of Manhattan that Van Cliburn wants and gets, that the new artists want and sometimes get. There the new fashions really make the headlines. The beatniks may have got that way on the North Beach of San Francisco, but they didn't get into the big time until they were noticed in New York. They may now perform in Venice (California) but the resonance of their antics bounds off the sounding walls of Manhattan. You may have heard (as I did) Mort Sahl at "The Hungry I" in San Francisco before he became a fourth estate, but he became a fourth estate only in New York. Only in New York can the arts get the real ticker-tape welcome that assures the cagey spectator that they have arrived and can be safely approved.

Such is the New York legend and such, in part, the New York truth. Inevitably, as the United States is made more united by plane and TV and the movies, by press syndicates and national magazines, the old centers of regional culture feel the draft. How can Chicago today be the capital of poetry that it was in the early days of Harriet Monroe's enterprise? How can a Southern city like Nashville provide the basis for a manifesto like "I'll Take My Stand"? How can San Francisco be again what it was in the great days of a hundred years ago? What modern Mark Twain would settle down in Hartford? What, if the heresy be dared, are the chances of Boston being again a national cultural capital or even a regional cultural center? Are they any better than they were when Howells moved to New York?

So runs the argument. And yet I wonder, as a wandering foreigner, if it is *quite* like that. My journeys take me over a great part of the Union and have done so for many years now. I seldom find myself in New York (though I am writing this article from the peace of the Lotos Club), but the picture I see of current American culture is less metropolitan than that painted by some domestic observers. I should assert that if there has been a decline in regional vitality, there has been an increase in regional sophistication. I should assert that, over the United States in the past generation, there has been a cultural revolution that has resulted in a narrowing of the gap between Manhattan and the rest of the country, not because the rest of the country is sinking into dumb docility but because the gap between the city slickers and the dumbells from the sticks is narrower than it ever was. If you like, a metropolitan culture is spreading. Naturally, New York is its center—but it is only the center, not the whole.

I HAVE recently been rereading, with critical admiration, a good deal of Mencken. How often he praised the "tight little island" in which alone men of ideas, civilized men, could live and work. (He preferred to live in Baltimore.) How he lamented, as he gazed over the vast landscape, the existence of more than one "Sahara of the Bozart." With what delight he published in "Americana" the latest proof of idiocy in the backwoods! With what kindness, if not always with good judgment, he welcomed fugitives from the Bible Belt, proclaimed meager talents if only to shock the pastors of the hinterland! Could he do it today with such an easy conscience, with such confidence? I doubt it.

For the impression that I get when

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moving around is that the case is altered. There are no completely desert areas today. True, there are occasional explosions of the old nonsense, from indignant Baptists in Dallas, from indignant Knights of Columbus in New Haven. One zealot may see the Inquisition coming into the White House with Senator Kennedy; another may protest against the blasphemy of doubting the sanctity of the late St. Joseph McCarthy. But these antics are not common form in either Texas or Connecticut, and the performers, although they may not know why, are conscious of the fact that a great many sound people think they are making fools of themselves; especially do the young people think that their bellicose elders are making fools of themselves.

For I am convinced that the first great unifying force, the first drive to sophistication, comes from the colleges. Mencken would not have disagreed. Even thirty years ago, for all his scorn of the one-building universities out on the lone prairie, he thought them better than nothing. The young man or woman who went to the worst of these institutions was, nevertheless, brought into touch with a world of ideas that his parents and even his pastors knew nothing of. And for a generation past, more and more young Americans have been going to better and better colleges. True, many have gone to study filling-station management or the practice of butchering. But most have studied something more respectable, with an increasingly high degree of sophistication. It is easy enough to make fun of the offerings of many state and municipal institutions; faced with the right of all Americans to have a college education, publicly supported colleges and universities have to provide for what may be called unnatural academic needs. But it would be succumbing to a mere nominalistic attitude to believe for a moment that in these institutions all subjects are equal or that the traditional values or, if you like, the traditional snobberies are not at work. There is perhaps too much *mere* snobbery, too much pursuit of contemporary fashion, but the colleges, all over the land, are revolutionizing popular taste. You can see it, too, in the popular magazines. Look at *The Saturday Evening Post* of today and compare it with the *Post* of a generation ago! Look at the degree of sophistication implied in the success of *Holiday*! I know one college drugstore where, from among the Westerns, you can get a paperback selection of the works of the Marquis de Sade (at the moment when the French police are cracking down on a new edition of the works of the "divine Marquis"). This may not be one of the greatest cultural gains of all time but it is a change from, say, 1926 and the prosecution of the *Mercury*. And I found in Indianapolis, among a great many "powerful" paperbacks, some lectures by one of the greatest modern German physicists for which, presumably, there must be a demand.

There is, of course, an obvious retort, and I hasten to give it before anybody else does. Has Indianapolis the same degree of cultural autonomy that it had in Booth Tarkington's boyhood? I am not asserting that Tarkington was an important novelist, but he was a competent one; and I, for one, learned a lot as a small boy in Scotland from his celebrations of his home town. A lot of the taboos may have vanished—but what has taken their place? Is the convention of adultery in the New York suburbs any better than the convention of matrimonial bliss in Indiana or in Massachusetts as seen in Tarkington or Howells? Maybe not. But compared with England or France, how wide the range, geographically, of the American novel and indeed of the American novelist! After all, by far the most famous of American novelists lives in Oxford, Mississippi—and writes about it.

BUT I may be wrong. It seems to me that in England or France or America we are not in an age of great or even fertile novelists. Maybe the *genre* is played out or temporarily exhausted. But however that may be, the range of novels and novelists in America is far wider than it is in England; the range of country explored and reported is wider and the reports are more cheerful, for life in Gopher Prairie or Zenith City today is far more free, liberal in every sense, infused with far more cultural variety than it was when young Sinclair Lewis took his bride to Sauk Center or wrote "Main Street."

There is plenty to be critical of in the cultural life of these places today. There is the pursuit of fashion, the command of the market by the book clubs, the killing of reading by television. But are the sticks any worse than New York or London? We are faced with a crisis in culture that I can feel but for which I don't see any solution. The crisis may be a result of a turning over of talent from letters to science (I see signs of that in England). It may be a matter of temporary exhaustion. We may be on the eve of a wave of energy like that of the Twenties. I don't know. But the problem is not that of the sticks. We are all in the same boat.

It is easy, too, to be funny about the patronage of letters and the arts by foundations and by colleges. I am quite sure that a lot of the patronage is wrongly given, that much money and time is wasted and that young men and young women who would be better learning a job are encouraged to waste their most energetic years in "creative writing." But it has always been so. The British Broadcasting Corporation has done as much harm (or good) in this way as any college or foundation, but has, alas, not been as successful in distributing its largesse over the land. We may laugh at "poets in residence" but we laugh wrongly. At any rate, the American men of letters stranded in the sticks seem to be less unhappy about it than if they were stranded in the British provinces (*vide* Kingsley Amis). A poet in residence at any rate offsets the local Eddie Guest. Even if the homage paid to the arts is hypocritical, it is genuine homage. It may be ignorant idolatry but it is paid to a real god—and some of the worshipers get real religion.

In the lamentations over the decline of regional culture, one may see, I think, a cultural version of the lamentations over the decline of the states as political units. Enemies of federal aid to schools use many of the same arguments, as do the mourners for the past glories of Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans. There is the same belief that, at some unnamed time in the past, there was a true balance of power, that in culture as in politics the encroachments of the capitals, Washington and New York, were resisted. I think that both in the history of politics and of culture there has been a great deal of mythmaking. The South Carolina of Calhoun and Timrod was never as self-sufficient as tradition asserts. Only Boston, for historically explicable reasons, established a regional culture that is still of importance today.

I KNOW that this view runs counter to what is a fashionable doctrine in the colleges. A great many professors have persuaded themselves (if not their students or the lay reader) that there were a number of important regional writers whose merits have been hidden by the snobbery of New York and Boston. I should be prepared to believe this if the professors did not reprint some of these neglected works of art. Nothing is less surprising than that they should have been forgotten. They had their little hour but the world they described or satirized is dead or lives in the writings of much more interesting reporters, such as Mr. Faulkner or, to come down a peg or two, Mr. Caldwell. Much of the pessimism about the present state of the

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national culture comes, I am convinced, from the popularity of "American studies" in the colleges. For in that much-favored field, the distinction between what is interesting as a *document pour servir* and what is intrinsically valuable is too often ignored. If I want to know what the South was like "before the War," I am prepared to read Baldwin and Longstreet—but is there any other good reason for reading them? I recently had to answer a related question when I was making one of the purges of my private library that are imposed on me by the fact that the rubber-walled house hasn't been put on the market yet. I looked over a great many American novels that I had read with historical profit over the last thirty years. I decided to give them to a library where they could be of use to the student of American life. But I didn't want to keep them any longer. (I did the same, I may say, with a great many French novels.) Do I want to read Hamlin Garland again? Am I sure that I want to read much of Dreiser again?

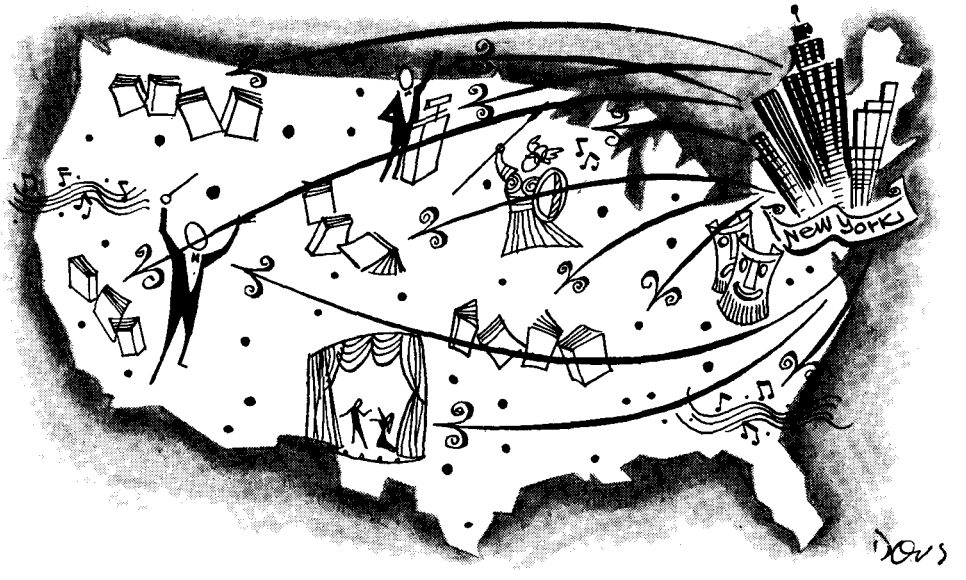
What follows? Are we to despair of "the sticks" and to confine our reading to what the metropolis offers us? No, a thousand times no. There is as much interesting writing coming out of the hinterland as ever. And it is better written. We tend, in looking at the past, to forget how banal, how timid, how innocent (in a bad literary sense) so much of the regional writing was. This is not a peculiarly American phenomenon. I have just been reading a very highbrow and expensive history of French literature that tried in vain to reanimate various dead literary men and women who "cast light" on this or that. The number of masterpieces in any language at any time is small. That the United States is not producing them every month, despite the book clubs, is not surprising or really to be regretted. But the whole United States is still represented in all its extent and variety much better than England is.

THERE IS a curious reluctance to admit that it is natural for a country, even a vast country, to have a literary capital, a metropolis where most writers, most artists congregate. There may be some vague idea that such a concentration of talent is undemocratic. Maybe it is, but art itself is undemocratic. An overwhelming proportion of the greatest English writers have been Londoners. A very high proportion of the greatest French writers have been Parisians or, at any rate, have been born north of the Loire. Can the common reader name, offhand, five famous Greek writers who were not Athenians? True, German literary talent has been more widely spread, but having so many centers of literary endeavor may be one of the reasons why German literature has never (but for one generation) made the international grade. There are and have been many great Italian writers who have not been Tuscans but there is still a meaning in Manzoni's remark that he went to Florence to rinse his mouth of bad Italian. Perhaps if Italy had a real literary capital, the talent of the Prince of Lampedusa might have been recognized sooner and the fame won by "The Leopard" would not have been posthumous.

The United States has grown up; it is natural that it should have a literary capital and inevitable that this capital should be New York. Most of the big publishers are and will be there. Most of the effective critics will write for New York papers. If there is to be a literary center that makes reputations and sets standards (or establishes fashions) it has to be New York. The beginning of wisdom is the acceptance of this fact. And of course the fact is complicated by the double anomaly that the political capital is the not very literary city of Washington and that, in some ways, the amusement capital is still around Los Angeles.

But one may ask for a certain realism in the estimate of the results of this cultural concentration, or, if you prefer it, the cultural market, in New York. It has more than once been remarked that there are far fewer temptations for the writer in New York than in London or Paris. Even if (as is by no means always the case) the writer lives in or around New York, there is no unified "Establishment" which can seduce him, make him forget his origins, blunt his perception of cultural and regional shades of difference. He is, in fact, more likely to go on pretending to be in living contact with the grass roots than to be tempted to put on a metropolitan polish and confine himself to metropolitan themes.

One admission must be made. The theatre is as much a metropolitan monopoly in New York as in Paris or London. To make the grade involves making it on or off Broadway. It means making the grade in the opinion of a handful of New York critics and of the not really very numerous body of regular theatre-goers in New York. But for the novelist, the critic, the poet? Does New York really seduce many of them away from their native heath, from "the kindred points of heaven and home"? I doubt it. As far as I can judge, the pressures that drive the young literary aspirant in Britain to make for London—the chance of reviewing, of working for the BBC or for commercial TV—don't operate with such force in the United States. As for the French belief that the young literary aspirant can't breathe outside Paris, there is no American equivalent. There seems to me to be a genuine aversion from the New York "rat race" in a good many young American writers of all types. An aversion from that rat race is quite compatible with an acceptance of the fact that most of the important American book publishers and magazines are in New York and that hitting the New York taste is highly desirable, financially and "prestige-wise." But not only can an author defy New York taste and still be widely accepted. He can do without the New York literary social life. He needn't shy away from the lavish parties that New York publish-



(*Continued on page* 35)

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Within the Shadow of Winesburg

By Granville Hicks

IT IS appropriate that James Leo Herlihy prefaces his novel, **"All Fall Down"** (Dutton, $3.95), with a quotation from Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio." Not only is the passage pertinent to the novel; Anderson is Herlihy's literary ancestor. Anderson was our first highly talented writer to find his material on the margins of society, among the misfits, the outcasts, the inarticulate, the queer ones. To be sure, Mark Twain had given him a lead, but Twain clung for protection to the traditions of frontier humor, which had found its own way of treating the unrespectables. Anderson, on the other hand, was completely serious, and to contemporary readers "Winesburg" was a revelation. It has left its mark, moreover, on forty years of American writing: Steinbeck, Saroyan, Caldwell, and Algren are among the scores of writers who bear testimony to its enduring influence.

Herlihy begins with a house in Cleveland that has a reputation for strangeness, and we discover that the people who live in it are strange enough, though not in the ways the neighbors imagine. Ralph Williams, the father, once a barnstorming radical, now devotes his life to bourbon and jigsaw puzzles. His wife, Annabel, is a colorless person, who seems to have no life of her own. Their younger son, Clinton, who has removed himself from school at the age of fourteen, spends his life in the compulsive recording of family conversations in a series of notebooks.

All three, we come to realize, are waiting for something: the return of Berry-berry, Clinton's older brother, who figures in the dreams of each. The family hears from Berry-berry only when he is in some sort of scrape, but his hold on their imaginations is undiminished, and at last, when he is sixteen, Clinton goes to Florida in search of him. He never catches up with his brother, but he does catch up with his reputation, which is unpleasant. For a time after his return he is at loose ends, and even considers suicide.

Clinton's life brightens when the family is visited by Echo O'Brien, a handsome, stylish young woman, with whom Clinton immediately decides he is in love, though she is approximately twice his age. It is at this moment that Berry-berry comes back, and everyone falls under his spell. Although Clinton knows that Berry-berry has been living on women, most of whom he has treated badly, even sadistically, he reports in his diary that his brother is the finest person in the world except Echo O'Brien.

Not unexpectedly, Echo falls in love with Berry-berry, and he begins to change his ways. As the romance seems to thrive, all the Williamses come back to life. But at heart Berry-berry cannot bear to be loved, and Echo eventually realizes this; after they have quarreled, she commits suicide. Clinton, who knows a great deal about what has been going on, thanks to his habit of eavesdropping, considers killing his brother. However, in the end they are reconciled. Berry-berry sets out again on his vagabond path, and Ralph and Annabel slip back into their old ways, but Clinton is hopeful about himself.

Pimp and sadist though he is, Berry-berry has something in him that can reach the imaginations of people who are living humdrum lives. Yet he is essentially destructive and a bringer of misfortune. "I hate life," he tells Clinton at one point. Later, in his final scene with his brother, he is for once aware of all that he lacks, and he knows that he is condemned to a barren existence. Other people have made a romantic hero of him, but he is really a traitor—to himself as well as to everyone else.

HERLIHY does his people sharply, with none of the sentimental blurring so often found in the work of Anderson's followers. He makes particularly good use of long extracts from Clinton's notebooks. These are amusing in style, though they do make Clinton seem a little precocious, and they serve an important purpose. Clinton's passion for the setting down of observed facts gives us his father and mother and later Echo and Berry-berry, and at the same time the boy himself becomes clearer and clearer. In the end Clinton reports that he is getting over his nightmares and is becoming the sort of person who comforts others, and we believe him.

William Goyen is not so close to Anderson as Herlihy, but he is like him in his attempt to evoke moods that lie beyond analysis. Of the eleven stories in **"The Faces of Blood Kindred"** (Random House, $3.50), the last three exemplify particularly well his special qualities. In one of them a couple have fallen into a time of separation and sterility: "Something between the man and his wife had gone stale and bloodless in the winter." The blossoming of a geranium restores them to life and to each other. In the second story a man is moved by two apparently unrelated recollections – seeing a dead horse near Central Park and catching a moth in his dying mother's garden—and he reflects on how mysteriously a mood may be created. In the third a young man—perhaps the same young man—is made miserable by a quarrelsome family in a nearby apartment, and then is exalted by the beauty of a wedding that emerges from that very flat. How much of this exists only in the young man's mind is deliberately left a question.

NOT ALL of the stories are of this delicate kind. "Savata, My Fair Sister" is a vigorously told, sardonic tale of worldliness in a primitive church. "A Tale of Inheritance," which Goyen calls a novella, develops out of realism into extravagant fantasy. There is also a certain wildness in "Rhody's Path," though it stops short of the fantastic.

In several of the stories the central character is remembering something out of his past. In "Old Wildwood," for instance, the character is in Rome when he receives word of his grandfather's death, and he recalls a fishing trip he made with the grandfather and the new sense of life it gave him. In "A People of Grass" the same or another young man in Rome remembers a May festival in Texas in which he and his sister took part. In the title story the memory is of the adventures of a wild cousin.

There is a strong note of nostalgia in almost all Goyen's work. Often, as in several of the stories I have mentioned, we have an isolated individual living in some large city and looking back on his childhood, when he belonged to a family. Goyen, however, is not escaping into the past for the sake of escape; he is ransacking it for experiences that can give meaning to the present. With his very considerable poetic powers he brings an incident to life so that we can feel its significance. He is a writer who has been going his own way for a decade, a delicate way as a rule though he can be robust when he wants to be. He has four books to his credit now, and they establish a place for him.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Long Way to Gethsemane

"The Last Temptation of Christ," by Nikos Kazantzakis; *translated by P. A. Bien (Simon & Schuster. 506 pp. $6), branded as a heretical novel, contemplates the meaning of God and of man's relationship to Him. Critic Edmund Fuller is the author of "Man in Modern Fiction."*

By Edmund Fuller

INCREASINGLY Nikos Kazantzakis is perceived in the United States, to which he was introduced late, as one of the great artists of this century in any language. Many celebrated writers cannot touch him for power and range. He will be seen to have deserved (more than some who received it) the Nobel Prize he missed by one vote. One stamp of his genius is the astonishing variety of his modes and techniques: as poet, in his immense "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel," and in the diversity displayed among his five superb novels, one more of which, his "St. Francis," has yet to appear in English.

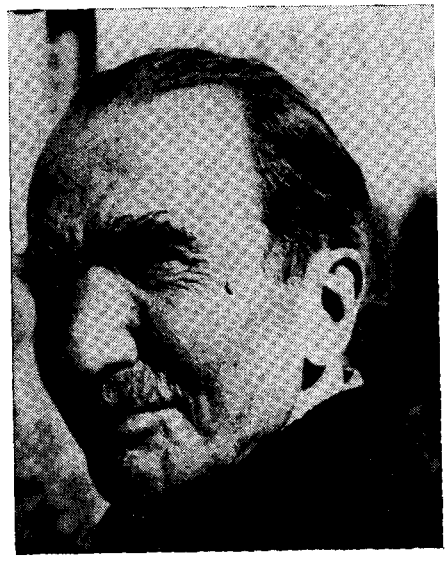
It is unfortunate that his welcome works have been published here in a jumbled relation to their chronology. This has prevented us from seeing until now their important relationship to the development and phases of Kazantzakis's thought. It is vital to know that the strange "Saviors of God," only recently released here, goes back to the 1920s whereas "The Last Temptation of Christ," appearing right on its heels, is the culmination of Kazantzakis's career and was written in 1950-51. The books are a far cry apart, in the history of his spirit.

We have also had a dearth of information about Kazantzakis. Kimon Friar, in his introductions to "The Odyssey" and "The Saviors of God," which he translated, gave much help. P. A. Bien, the present translator, appends an important "Note on the Author and His Use of Language." Together these begin to give us the image of this extraordinary writer.

The whole of "The Last Temptation of Christ" is like a painting in vivid, sometimes even garish, color. What a turbulent but large spirit is at work here. It marks Kazantzakis's return to Christ after voyages with Bergson, Buddha, Nietzsche, Lenin, Odysseus, Dante, and St. Francis. From this experience we would scarcely expect a return to precise orthodoxy. The Greek Church rebuffed him bitterly. "The Greek Passion" nearly got him excommunicated; the present book was branded as heretical. His body was not allowed to lie in state in a church in Athens, though finally it was given Christian burial in Kazantzakis's native Crete.

Concede at once that the book is heretical as lying outside formal Christian theology. Nevertheless, it springs from a passionate religiosity and presents one of the foremost fictional Christ images. Its heresies are not the province of a literary critic but lie between Kazantzakis and that God he so desperately sought.

There is a Nietzschean touch in his Christ, something of a superman achieving victory over matter by force of will, as Mr. Bien observes. Yet this is too simple. Kazantzakis is intuitive, not logical. There are wide inconsistencies in this structure that could be fascinating studies. His Christ is Messiah, especially fathered of God in a miraculous conception. The powerful scene with John the Baptist and a long dialogue that follows it (this, like much else in the gospels, freely transposed in sequence) is wholly mystical as it poses the conflict between the way of the axe struck at the root of a corrupt world and the way of love.



Nikos Kazantzakis—"one of the great artists of this century in any language."

His Christ is divine, yet apparently not the Second Person of the Trinity. I hesitate because Kazantzakis did not, I think, know in his own heart what he believed. The Resurrection is not reached. "The Messiah is he who loves the whole world. The Messiah is he who dies because he loves the whole world." We end on the cross.

The last temptation is embodied in three chapters that come between the beginning of the cry *"Eli, Eli . . ."* and its conclusion, *". . . lama sabacthani!"* It is the illusory vision of the choice of normal life and its comforts instead of sacrifice and death. Yet it seems to me that his Christ is by no means humanized to just another martyr, but that he has the essential once-for-allness of Christian theology.

SEARCHING analysis of the book is not possible here. There is space enough only to add that it is an extraordinary work of art, overwhelming at moments, seeming to falter at others, inconsistent yet essentially sustained. It purges. There are wonderful passages of many kinds, such as the first two paragraphs of Chapter 19, beginning, "Great things happen when God mixes with man." Elsewhere, Jesus in the desert finds the carcass of the scapegoat: "My brother, you were innocent and pure, like every animal. But men, the cowards, made you bear their sins, and killed you. Rot in peace; feel no malice against them. Men, poor weak creatures, have not the courage to pay for their sins themselves: they place them upon one who is sinless." Later: "God placed him along my path to show me who I am and where I am heading."

Kazantzakis is at his lush best in a wine-treading scene as rich as a Breughel. His Judas, nationalism incarnate, puritanical, violent, and tragic, is tapped to do his terrible duty because he is the strong one. He is the composite, in part, of some of Kazantzakis's earlier saviors. His Lazarus raised is a cryptic, silent golem. Earthy, crafty, wealthy Zebedee is a brilliant portrait. His painfully emerging Jesus and the temptations that assail him are from the spiritual history of Kazantzakis, haunted always

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in book and life by the Manichaean dualism of flesh and spirit.

The author's prologue movingly states his purpose. "This book was written because I wanted to offer a supreme model to the man who struggles; I wanted to show him that he must not fear pain, temptation or death—because all three can be conquered, all three have already been conquered." I suspect that "The Greek Passion," the awaited "St. Francis," and "The Last Temptation of Christ" ultimately will prove to be the dominating triptych in Kazantzakis's massive body of work.

AS MORE AND MORE of the work of Nikos Kazantzakis becomes available in English translation, inevitable comparisons will be made between his work and personality and that of D. H. Lawrence. Both were Dionysian, demon-driven men; both placed the instinct, the promptings of the blood, above the more ordered deductions of the mind; both celebrated the primitive and even atavistic origins of the human spirit; both were true travelers who in landscape and inscape discerned the contours of God's or Nature's purpose (the two words are exact synonyms); both turned to the physical universe for their imagery and away from urban mechanics and subtleties; both extolled strife and crucifixion as the unavoidable and necessitous law of life and even of love; both were impatient with refinements of craft and entrusted themselves to the demonic outpouring of creative inspiration; both were disciples of Nietzsche's Zarathustra, valuing above all else the moment of cleaving insight given the man of vision; both placed the prophet above the man of letters; both were obsessed by messianic drives and dreams. And each became the untidy skirmish ground where friends blinded by love and foes blinded by hate fought not so much over his meanings as squabbled over his values as man and prophet.

This summer in the United States we shall be reading two books by Kazantzakis which add fuel for further comparison with Lawrence, and for controversy: a book of spiritual exercises, "The Saviors of God" [*SR*, July 28], and the novel reviewed here. All his life Kazantzakis had been obsessed with the meaning and purpose of great spiritual leaders—Buddha, Moses, Mohammed, St. Theresa, St. Francis—and especially with Christ. In early youth he had written a poetic drama, "Christ"; later, a poem in terza rima, "Christ"; and toward the end of his career two novels, "The Greek Passion" (in Greek entitled "Christ Recrucified"), and "The Last Temptation of Christ." For his heretical treatment of the Savior and examination of his motives, the Greek Orthodox Church tried to excommunicate him; and the Roman Catholic Church placed "The Last Temptation" on its Index. To the Committee of the Index, Kazantzakis telegraphed a sentence from Tertullian: "*Ad tuum, Domine, tribunal, appello.*" He added the following note: "I address the same sentence also to the Greek Orthodox Church, 'At your tribunal, Lord, I make my appeal.' For our Metropolitans and Bishops I add the following: 'Holy Fathers, you gave me a curse, but I give you a blessing. May your conscience be as pure as mine, and may you be as moral and as religious as I.'"

Like his good friend Albert Schweitzer, Kazantzakis spent his life in a struggle to find, assess, and assert spiritual values. For him, the motive of all life was to *transubstantiate flesh into spirit.* But because of certain refinements in theology and church dogma during the past half century, certain ambiguities in the mind of his readers must be clarified: Kazantzakis did not believe in personal immortality, nor in an unearthly Paradise, nor in Christ as the Son of God in the literal and dogmatic sense of that term. God, for Kazantzakis, meant man's search for spiritual refinement of matter in the physical universe; and in this sense only is Christ, and all other spiritual leaders, the "Son of God." The spiritual man must eternally be crucified, like Christ, on the dualities of the Cross: the horizontal beam of the grave traversed by the vertical beam of life where good and evil, flesh and spirit, God and the Devil are in physical and moral tension. What Louis Untermeyer has called the obsession of D. H. Lawrence is also that of Kazantzakis: "the dark fire, the broken body, the struggle, death, and resurrection of crucified flesh."—KIMON FRIAR.

Kimon Friar, the editor of The Charioteer, *a new quarterly of modern Greek culture, is the translator of Nikos Kazantzakis's "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel" and of "The Saviors of God."*

MARRIAGE A LA MODE: John Butterworth is by profession a New York high school teacher of Latin. Herta Mayer, his bride, is an Austrian-Jewish refugee—by profession too, one might say. For while John traces grumbling bus drivers and the lagging interest in Latin to creeping Socialism, Herta eagerly turns every stone in her way, expecting an anti-Semite to crawl out.

What brought these two together in marriage? Edward LeComte has divided his novel **"He and She"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95) into two sections of ten chapters each: ten to explain John, ten to explain Herta.

John's childhood and youth were uneventful, even dreary. There were the usual (at least in novels) semi-sexual experiences with maids and the almost-homosexual friendship in high school. After that John settled down for an ascetic time at Yale, without joining a fraternity: "he considered it was a little late for him to become anyone's brother." John became a good teacher but his frustration and loneliness reached a point where he joined a German nudist club on-the-Hudson, to have at least a look at what he was missing. And what he saw was Herta, all of her. At their second meeting he proposed.

Herta Mayer, of Vienna, Rome, and Nice, is The European and The Refugee of the American novel. Her father was a doctor (of course, what else?) and after the Gestapo had come for him, she fled, later to be brought to New York by a rather nebulous, nudist, American family.

It is not too easy to believe in John Butterworth's overnight proposal, but Herta's reasons for accepting him are wholly mysterious. There is no love or even liking lost between these two, and as soon as John has got those abstemious years at Yale out of his system, all that's left is an unending argument.

Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth are not very pleasant characters, but I believe in an author's right to create such. It is not because of their unpleasantness that Mr. LeComte's interesting he-and-she device failed to hold my interest. Since he himself doesn't for a moment try to convince us of John's or Herta's involvement, how can their getting together first, their endless arguments afterward, matter?

In fact, the whole book seems at times less a novel than an argument, a series of letters-to-the-editor about Hitler, prejudice, picket lines, creeping Socialism and hidden Fascism, and such old chestnuts as the harsh voices of American women and the taste for sweets in American men.

Edward LeComte, an associate professor of English at Columbia Univer-

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sity, is a writer of nonfiction with four books to his name. It seems to me that in "He and She" he has not quite made the step to fiction.

—Hans Koningsberger.

INISHLACKEN BY THE SEA: Leonard Wibberley's novel **"The Hands of Cormac Joyce"** (Putnams, $2.95) beatifies the strength and beauty of the simple people who live on one of the rugged islands off the west coast of Ireland, and whose faith in God and in their own hands is their only protection from the stern seas around them. It is a poetic tale of three families of fishermen, the only residents on Inishlacken, and their reactions to a mortally threatening storm rolling in from the ocean. They knew the sea so they knew what was coming. The mackerel weren't biting. Something was wrong: "The young trees were breaking and the old trees were bending and the giants were coming into the land."

The first thing to be done was to get their curraghs (fishing boats) out of the water onto high ground. In doing so, with the assistance of his nine-year-old son Jackie, Cormac Joyce smashed one of the thumbs of his enormous, powerful hands—a major disaster to one whose hands were the tools of his livelihood and his safety. Young Jackie, an endearing, gangly youth, prayed each day to St. Brendan that he would grow to be like his father, with good, strong hands. After all, their strength was the only thing the men of the islands had to offer their wives.

When the Coast Guard cutter came into their harbor to take the women and children—and men, too, if they would—to shelter on the mainland, Jackie insisted upon staying behind with his parents to help moor their meager belongings and defy the storm. He figured that the strength of the whole of himself would possibly offset the loss of his father's incapacitated hand. How the little family met the emergency and reacted to the aftermath of the storm provides a mightily touching sequence.

Pat Conneeley was, without doubt, the most able fisherman on the island. ". . . between Pat and the fish there was an understanding so that he knew not only where fish were to be taken, but also when and with what bait and even for how long." But there was a streak of mischief in Pat; and when the Coast Guard came to take his wife and seven children to the mainland, he couldn't resist taking a ride in the fine, sleek boat—telling himself he could be returned to the island before dark, to tend his possessions before the storm broke. But the captain refused to make

(*Continued on page* 34)

THE "CHIN P'ING MEI" is one of ancient China's most famous literary works. Written by an unknown author during the sixteenth century, the tale of a rich man-about-town and the many loves and intrigues that surround him reflects the luxurious reign of the Emperor Man Li during the Ming dynasty. **"Don Juan in China"** (Charles E. Tuttle, $3.75), elaborately bound in patterned silk brocade, is one episode from the 1,500-page classic novel; it has been translated from the Chinese by Samuel Buck and illustrated by the spirited drawings of Hong Kong artist Kwan Shan-Mei.

Squire Hsi-Men Ch'ing meets Madam Slender Li.

Madam Slender Li lights the Squire's way.

Madam Slender Li pleads with the Squire.

Old Fusty, Old Dusty, and Old Rusty seek news of the marriage.

The Squire ponders on his wedding eve.

Madam Slender Li becomes the Squire's sixth wife.

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Ambassadors Without Portfolio

"The Overseas Americans," by Harlan Cleveland, Gerard J. Mangone, and John Clarke Adams *(McGraw-Hill. 316 pp. $5.95), deplores the sorry impression made by too many of our citizens domiciled abroad. Henry C. Wolfe, who writes and lectures on world affairs, spends part of each year away from this country checking the foreign scene.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

AT A time when the United States is called upon for free world leadership the conduct of its foreign-based citizens is of unique importance. The personal relations between these fellow countrymen of ours and the inhabitants of many diverse lands can sow doubt as to America's capacity for leadership. Especially in view of our huge monetary program to win friends among the nations, every American abroad who personally follows a bad neighbor policy is sabotaging his country's foreign policy. Whether that American be the chauvinistic wife of an army officer, a cinema star living it up on the Via Veneto, a shorts-clad girl among sari-draped women, a government administrator showing his contempt for the "guks," the interests of the free world suffer to some degree.

"The Overseas Americans" is a deep-digging, precisely documented study of life among our businessmen, missionaries, armed forces personnel, and government employees stationed abroad. It reports the findings of a survey conducted by three Syracuse University educators under a Carnegie Foundation grant. Social attitudes and cultural empathy are explored in their successes as well as failures. Specific educational programs are recommended, which, significantly enough, stress foreign language training as important but not all-important.

As the authors put it in their hard-hitting preface, the 1,590,000 Americans resident in foreign lands "are all, like it or not, surrogates for the United States Secretary of State." Yet all too often the transplanted New Yorkers or Kansans are ethnocentric, remaining ignorant of the history and traditions—to say nothing of the mores and psychology—of the area where they are stationed. Bound by togetherness and push-button conveniences, they set up their "little Americas." A matron domiciled in one such enclave in Tokyo was asked if she visited the Oriental metropolis that surrounded her. "I went down to the Ginza once," she complained, "but it was too crowded with Japanese." Even had she liberalized her attitude, she might have risked the "resentment caused among other Americans by those who do successfully cross the cultural barrier."

A veteran American official stationed in an African country told the authors that "with very few exceptions Americans abroad are politically naïve." Yet ours is an era of extreme nationalism when it is essential for overseas Americans to develop awareness of local politics. Certainly it is in a businessman's self-interest to realize that "business nationalized is never further away than the next change in political leadership."

The authors recognize that there is no simple, magical solution to this problem. Minimum measures call for a weeding out and an education program like the one projected in these pages. Wherever possible, the incompetent "Big Frogs" should be sent home from their little puddles. The misfits should be replaced. Hereafter the personnel assigned to foreign service should evidence willingness to get along with native populations. Training in this direction is now offered by a number of educational institutions such as Georgetown and Syracuse universities. They are not apt to graduate men like the Burma-bound official who whispered, "I've got only five minutes before I catch the airport limousine. But can you tell me—just what *is* Buddhism?"

It seems incredible that, until World War II, "no systematic overseas training existed for even the professional foreign service officers of the United States." Today overseas experience is available even for nonprofessionals. About 3,500 American undergraduates a year receive credit in their home colleges for academic studies completed in foreign countries. The authors feel that "a year of Podunk in Peru may be a better educational gamble than a year of Podunk in Podunk." At least the Podunk student living in Florence or New Delhi is likely to broaden his parochial view of the world. The Podunk student in Florence, surely, will have little sympathy for the American housewife in Rome who was asked to bring a macaroni casserole to a church supper. "How can I?" she protested. "I'm out of macaroni and the commissary is closed today."

Even at the high school level, fortunately, young Americans are afforded on-the-spot experience in international relationships. Each year, for example, the American Field Service sends hundreds of our teen-agers to live with families in Europe, Asia, and Latin America. Reciprocally, boys and girls are brought from foreign lands to live in American homes and study in American high schools. It is an exchange that helps restore the true image of the U. S. so often caricatured by the students' overseas elders and, indeed, by America's gangster movies and crime comics.

"The Overseas Americans" is a timely and helpful guide for all our citizens planning to live outside the United States. It closes, however, on a cautionary note. "Individual performance can be much improved," the authors point out, "but the collective performance of the overseas Americans is unlikely to be better than Main Street and Pennsylvania Avenue permit.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 894

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 894 will be found in the next issue.

Z YXWT YLAZO

YXBB ZBYZCW BTF

NTQ NDWGZOK NZRT

NTQ YZC.

—WNTQXKZO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 893

Man has made his bedlam; let him lie in it.

—FRED ALLEN.

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American Image Overseas

"The Nation on the Flying Trapeze," by James Saxon Childers *(McKay. 284 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Citizen Abroad," by Eben Neal Baty*** *(Viking. 264 pp. $3.50), both conclude that the peoples of Europe and the East do not understand the U.S. Stan Swinton, recently appointed world services director of The Associated Press, has written dispatches from more than eighty countries in a lifetime of reporting from abroad.*

By Stan Swinton

THE IMAGE of America abroad bids fair to provoke the great debate of this Presidential election year. Do we as a nation fail to project a fair and accurate picture of ourselves? Is our official representation weak? The question is nonpartisan. The voices of concern have been growing louder ever since 1945. Self-doubt as to whether the rest of the world knows us and understands us has been expressed increasingly through the Administrations of both parties.

Postwar history has lent urgency to America's self-questioning. Nationalism —the most powerful political force of the twentieth century—created new nations, many of which have turned to neutralism. Communism, tireless in its evangelism, grows in power. With its spread travels corrosive propaganda which perverts the image of the United States.

Perhaps more than any other single people, Americans seem to feel it is important to be *liked.* "That is the most remarkable thing about your people," a British diplomat once told me. "At the peak of our power, Britain wanted respect. You want popularity."

Almost every audience the writer has addressed for several years has asked the question: "What's wrong with our foreign relations?" Discussion usually simplifies the query. What is meant is: "Why aren't we more popular abroad after all we've done in sending aid abroad and giving people a chance for democracy?"

These two provocative books provide similar answers: the peoples of Asia, the Middle East and, to a lesser extent, Europe, do *not* understand the United States. The great legacy of good will created during the decades when America was the hope and the symbol of a new economic frontier of freedom is being dissipated (although a substantial residue continues to exist).

Both James Saxon Childers and Eben Neal Baty feel that we are too complacent as a nation—that the challenge to our system and our way of life is immediate. Both feel that the American people must make their voice heard so that Washington acts rather than reacts in the field of international affairs. Childers puts it well:

> Nothing for this generation of Americans will be easy. At a time that we are dazzled by our own good living we are confronted by a shrewd power that is determined to destroy us. Enjoying all our comforts, our extra money to spend, our little amusements, we will find it hard to admit the brutal reality of our national danger and to change our individual living to the clearheaded thinking, the discipline, and the stamina that are necessary, if we are to remain free people and the United States is to continue as a nation. In this freedom, our first requirement is to understand that we *can* be overcome, either by the slow process of economic engulfment, the process that is going on now, or suddenly by military destruction. . . .

Childers writes as a skilled observer, a delightful stylist, and a man whose life has taken him to many lands. His reportage is of a uniformly high level. It is coldly shocking to learn that after eight months representing the State Department abroad this distinguished scholar and journalist was "debriefed" in Washington in three brief interviews which consisted mostly of chit-chat by his official off-sider.

Baty is the impassioned average citizen, less equipped by languages and journalistic training to break through into fresh ground. One finishes "Citizen Abroad" with an uneasy feeling that the author had a set of convictions when he left the U.S. and his trip proved them all correct. At the same time, the average American unfamiliar with other continents may find it easier to imagine himself talking with and learning from waiters and casual acquaintances than with university professors and diplomatic sophisticates.

Both the excellent "The Nation on the Flying Trapeze" and the heartfelt but partisan "Citizen Abroad" leave the reader with a conviction that the hour is approaching when America must present a stronger, more accurate image overseas. In this election year both make healthy reading for the concerned citizen.

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THE PAST

New Testaments from the Ancients

"The Secret Books of the Egyptian Gnostics," by Jean Doresse *(Viking. 383 pp. $6.50), and* ***"The Treasure of the Copper Scroll," by John Marco Allegro*** *(Doubleday. 191 pp. $4.95), throw light on the first three centuries A.D. and the development of Christianity. James Muilenberg, Davenport Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages at Union Theological Seminary, served as director of the American School of Oriental Research in 1953-54. He was one of the translators of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.*

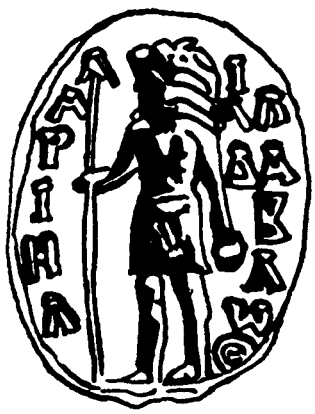
By James Muilenberg

IN ABOUT the same year that the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered at Qumran, another library, rivaling and, according to certain scholars, surpassing them in importance, was brought to light by some Egyptian peasants in the little town of Chenoboskian, about sixty miles to the south of Luxor. A huge jar contained thirteen leather-bound books with forty-eight separate works, altogether 700 pages of text. They are written in Coptic and come from the third and fourth centuries A.D. Our knowledge of Gnosticism has heretofore been confined chiefly to the polemical writings of the Church Fathers; now we are in possession of the Gnostic literature from Egypt and in substantial quantity. Gnosticism has left its impress upon the New Testament, especially in the Pauline epistles, and the Book of Acts speaks of one of the most famous and influential of all the early Gnostics, Simon Magus, who made a deep impression upon the people of Samaria. During the early centuries of the Christian movement Christianity entered into dialogue and controversy with the Gnostics; in some respects there is a parallel in their developments.

But what is Gnosticism? The answer is by no means simple, for there were many Gnostic sects and many Gnostic thinkers. It was certainly a highly syncretistic movement, borrowing from Iranian or Zoroastrian sources, Babylonian religion, Hellenistic philosophy, heterodox Judaism, and Christianity. As the word implies, the Gnostic was concerned with knowledge (*gnosis*). The Gnostic understands his true self because he has received supernatural knowledge through divine revelation. His language often sounds alien and abstruse. He indulges in all kinds of speculation. Myths of various kinds are employed to interpret the dark imagery in which these speculations are clothed. One hears of Babylonian Ishtar, of Greek Athena, of Helen of Troy, of Iranian figures, as well as the personages drawn from the Bible.

The Gnostic is profoundly preoccupied with the problem of evil, with dualism, and cosmogony. He couches his thoughts and speculations in many literary forms: gospels like those of Thomas and Philip, apocalypses like those of James, Peter, and Paul, epistles, dialogues, exegeses, hymns, and cryptic arcana. Diverse as these are in literary form, cultural provenance, and theological formulation, they nevertheless form a coherent whole in their dominating interest and purpose. The problems which disturb the Gnostics are universal, their terminology influenced the New Testament, and their spiritual attitudes reveal deep sensitivity to the questions of human origin and destiny: "Whence have I come?," "Who am I?," "What is the nature of this material world in which I live?," "Where am I to go at the end of life?" The answers were to be found in supernaturally revealed knowledge.

Jean Doresse writes with authority and competence. He was in Egypt at the time of the discovery of the documents and was the first to recognize their nature and significance. He serves his reader well by providing him with a full-scale discussion of Gnosticism and its history, its many sects and their representatives, its numerous affinities with other religions, its literature and doctrines. He offers us a complete translation with commentary of the important Gospel of Thomas, a work containing about 120 sayings of Jesus. This work, said to date back to about the middle of the second century, contains ancient traditions, perhaps as ancient as some of the New Testament records. Some of these sayings are present in the gospels, though often in different form and context; some we have known from previous discoveries; still others have a stamp and character of their own. Doresse has written a book of major importance, one that is bound to receive greater attention as the importance of this ancient library for the history of Christianity is recognized.



—*From "The Secret Books of the Egyptian Gnostics."*

Ialdabaoth, an engraved Gnostic gem.

John Allegro, one of the members of the team of scholars assigned to the study of the Dead Sea Scrolls in the Museum of Oriental Antiquities in Jerusalem, has made many important contributions to our understanding of the Qumran texts. In his fascinating volume, appropriately dedicated to His Majesty King Hussein, he addresses himself to a detailed scrutiny of the Copper Scroll, the two long strips so badly oxidized that they could not be unrolled. The author gives a graphic account of the cutting of the Scroll into sections without the marring of a single letter. The text tells of the burial of a vast treasure of gold, silver, and precious objects and describes the exact location where they were hidden.

Considerable controversy has raged over the significance of this report. Many scholars believe it to be completely apocryphal. Allegro dissents sharply and gives his reasons for thinking that the account is credible. With extraordinary skill and ingenuity he examines seriatim the scores of topographical references and proposes identifications for them, even where they are obviously obscurely given. He avails himself of a wealth of ancient allusion and comes out with some striking results. Occasionally he seeks to cast light on obscure references in the gospels. Allegro is a very clever detective, and he knows how to carry the reader with him in his search for clues. Moreover, his writing is interesting and lucid. He concludes that the Copper Scroll is an "inventory of sacred treasure hidden away by the Zealots most probably during the spring of 68 A.D."

The book contains a number of good illustrations, and the work as a whole is superbly annotated. If many scholars reject Allegro's view as to the reliability of the Scroll's account or his major conclusions, they will nevertheless be compelled to take heed of his case.

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The Italy Below

"The Mute Stones Speak," by Paul MacKendrick *(St. Martin's Press. 351 pp. $7.50), by means of archeological findings, recites Italian history from Stone Age days until Christianity was adopted as the religion of the empire. Jacquetta Hawkes, who is Mrs. J. B. Priestley, is an archeologist and the author of several books, among them "History in Earth and Stone: Prehistoric and Roman Monuments in England and Wales" and "Man on Earth."*

By Jacquetta Hawkes

THE STONES which find tongues in this book are all Italian. Paul MacKendrick is, in short, offering us an archeology of Italy, the land which after Greece contributed more than any other in Europe to the foundations of our Western civilization. It is a timely publication, for, so far as I know, there has been no good popular book on this subject for many years, and, although Italian archeologists have not been outstandingly active, there is an abundance of fascinating new discovery to lay before the public.

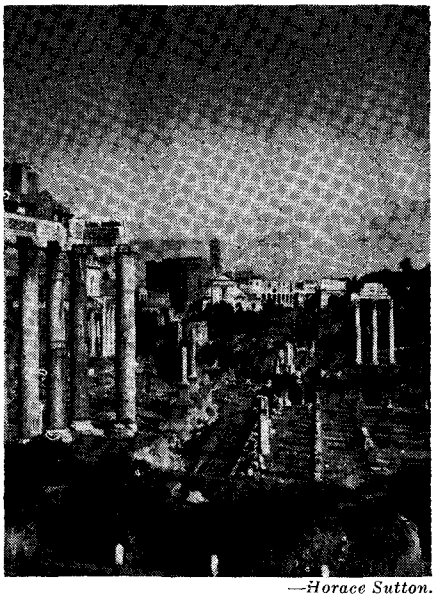
"The Mute Stones Speak" begins near the end of the Stone Age and ends with the adoption of Christianity as the religion of the empire, but by far the greater part of it is concerned with classical Roman times and particularly with the city of Rome itself. It would have been better if it had been limited to Roman archeology. The chapter on prehistoric Italy is very weak indeed, entirely failing to give any consistent picture of what lay behind the emergence of the classical culture or to put Italy in her proper place in the ancient history of the Mediterranean.

I see in this book yet again what I have come to recognize as the Legacy of C. W. Ceram. His "Gods, Graves and Scholars" was so prodigiously successful that ever since authors have been imitating Ceram's method of approaching the past through the stories of great excavators. This approach was quite excellent for a book which was creaming off the Romance of Archeology, but when, as here, there is a story to be told it makes it almost impossible to tell it coherently.

The chapter on the Etruscans is more adequate (although it is outclassed by several recently published accounts of this extraordinary people). Surprisingly, nothing whatever is said about the Greek colonization of Italy. It is only with the rise of Rome that Mr. MacKendrick appears to reach loved and familiar ground and his book becomes engrossing. He still keeps more or less to the Ceram method, but the selected sites and discoveries are treated in chronological order and intelligently related to one another—and anyway I suppose that most of us have some knowledge of Roman history.

The author is inclined to look at the Romans with a twentieth-century social conscience: he writes of great building, "whether of pyramid, ziggurat, or Roman Imperial Palace, it undoubtedly justifies the unhappy inference that with all this grandeur went autocracy." To hope for Anglo-Saxon ideals of mass democracy in the ancient world is as unrealistic as to hope to see them survive in contemporary Africa. Nevertheless this virtuous disapproval, which peeps out also when Mr. MacKendrick describes some of the more fantastic extravagances of the emperors, gives an individual flavor to his work which is not unwelcome.

As we follow the story from the days of Republican simplicity through the various heydays of the Empire and on to its decline, the author draws upon excavations made at all periods—some from the nineteenth century, many from the period of Mussolini's rather dangerous efforts to reinstate the glory that was Rome, and some from recent years. Mr. MacKendrick ends very appropriately with the famous discoveries made below the high altar of St. Peter's. Here in the mingling of pagan with early Christian graves, and the shrine which in Constantine's church seems to have been accepted as the tomb of St. Peter, we can see perfectly expressed the idea of a new way of life germinating in the decay of an old one.



—Horace Sutton.

The Forum of the Caesars.

Age of a Gentle Despot

"The Second Empire," by G. P. Gooch *(Longman's, Green. 324 pp. $7), reconstructs the two decades during which France was at the mercy of such as Louis Napoleon, Eugénie, and the Bonaparte clan. Geoffrey Bruun is the author of "Europe and the French Imperium: 1799-1814," "Europe in Evolution, 1415-1815," "Revolution and Reaction, 1848-1852," and "World in the Twentieth Century."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

GEORGE PEABODY GOOCH, now in his eighty-seventh year, is one of those enduring figures who seem "meant to unedge the scythe of time." It is startling to realize that when he prepared his "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century" half a century ago he could draw in many instances on firsthand impressions. He had known Lord Acton, Samuel Gardiner, and Sir John Seeley; he had attended lectures by Heinrich von Treitschke and Albert Sorel. The first of his own many admirable studies, "History of English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century," was published before 1900; his latest, reviewed here, has a 1960 imprint. What is sixty years to a historian?

The answer, in Professor Gooch's case, is that it is sixty years of fruitful labor by an exceptional scholar, exceptional in his ability, application, fair-mindedness, and breadth of interest. "Viewing modern history as a whole, he does justice to its several elements, to thought as well as action, to the mass of influences which constitute opinion and govern the life of nations and the progress of civilization." The judgment is Lord Acton's, expressed while Gooch was still in his twenties, and validated more fully in each decade since.

The year 1873, in which Gooch was born, saw the death in exile of "the first modern dictator," Napoleon III. Three years earlier the Franco-Prussian War had made France a republic and Germany an empire, preparing the way for the German wars of the twentieth century. In 1924 Gooch, together with Harold Temperley, undertook to edit the great collection of British official documents on the origins of the First World War. No living historian has studied the background of the European tragedy more attentively. It is at once significant and logical that he should reappraise the seminal reign of

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Napoleon III for the light it offers on dictatorship and war.

The more recent and disastrous activities of Mussolini and Hitler have moved historians to soften the denunciations that earlier liberals heaped on the nephew of the great Napoleon. By contrast, this "sphinx of the Tuileries" appears a gentle and kindly man, as a dozen studies of the last two decades have emphasized. This rehabilitation of Napoleon the Little is an interesting phenomenon, the more so at a time when the exigencies of foreign policy make it expedient for us to support some dictatorial regimes. Perhaps there are good despotisms and bad despotisms, and the more humane dictators can be justified.

Perhaps. But this is not Professor Gooch's view. From his vast and detailed knowledge of nineteenth-century politics and personalities he has compiled a series of vignettes which delineate the Second Empire like candid-camera shots. That Napoleon III was a gentle, humane, and well-meaning man he concedes. But he reminds us of Acton's famous observation that all power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Then he demonstrates how insidious the process of corruption may be.

This central theme—the use and abuse of power—provides this volume of critical essays with a unifying theme. The essays themselves are independent exercises, many of which first appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. Scene by scene they reconstruct the drama of the Second Empire, analyzing the major and minor actors. Louis Napoleon and Eugénie, the Bonaparte clan, the ministers, the politicians, the generals, the intellectuals, and the influential women pass in turn before the spotlight. Gooch is studiously fair; he rejects unverified scandal; but what a bizarre and raffish crew they were! What a tragedy that for twenty years France should have been at the mercy of such wilful mediocrities.

"I believe," Louis Napoleon declared, "that from time to time men are created whom I will call providential, in whose hands the destinies of their countries are placed. I believe myself to be one of those men." It is beside the point to insist that he was probably sincere and that he strove conscientiously to fulfill his fateful responsibilities. "The moral of these pages," Gooch points out in his introduction, "is that no human being is good enough and wise enough to be entrusted with the unfettered control of the destinies of a nation." It is appropriate to have this truth reaffirmed and elucidated so perceptively by an undiscouraged survivor from the great age of liberalism.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The Company They Keep

"Men of Good Intentions: The President and Washington's Scandals," by Blair Bolles *(Doubleday. 240 pp. $4.50), blames our Chief Executives for much of the skulduggery of their Administrations. Louis W. Koenig, who is a professor of government at New York University, wrote "The Invisible Presidency."*

By Louis W. Koenig

BLAIR BOLLES, an astute political writer, details in this volume the favoritism, graft, and corruption that have marred at least three Presidencies in the twentieth century, those of Harding, Truman, and Eisenhower. In analyzing Teapot Dome, the crude wire-pulling of General Harry Vaughan, the Goldfine-Sherman Adams nexus, and other lapses, the author discerns a common pattern in the moral tailspins of all three Presidencies.

Each of the Presidents involved, Mr. Bolles believes, has in large measure had himself to blame. Although all have been men of good intentions and personally incorruptible, each helped bring on his troubles by failing to provide his Administration with effective leadership. Harding is seen as incompetent, Truman lacking in confidence, and Eisenhower indifferent and withdrawn. The failure of leadership became a license for favor-doers and influence-peddlers, with some of the most outrageous malefactions perpetrated right under the President's nose in the White House. Harding, Truman, and Eisenhower all were betrayed by trusted assistants and visiting friends.

The White House offenders appear always to be of two main types: the spongers, who use their White House ties to enrich themselves and their friends; and the stupid men who, although earnest and hard-working, hurt their chief by bad judgment. In their forays outside the White House the malefactors seem to find their lushest hunting grounds in the regulatory commissions.

When a wrongdoing friend or colleague is finally exposed, the President is caught in a harsh dilemma. On the one hand is the moral obligation to stand by one's friends; on the other is the moral obligation for the honest conduct of public business. Almost invariably the President, at least for a time, stands by his friends. Truman dismisses as "asinine" the charges against Donald Dawson, his personnel adviser, of undue influence at RFC and calls the accuser, Senator J. W. Fulbright, Rhodes scholar and former Arkansas University president, an "overeducated s.o.b." Eisenhower depicts Adams as a gift-taker and not a bribe-taker (only the latter is wrong), and declares, in simple candor, "I need him." Usually, but by no means always, the offender eventually departs from the Administration.

In pages that constantly hold the reader's interest, Mr. Bolles bravely offers prescriptions to save future well-intentioned Presidents from the lapses of their associates. Like Lincoln Steffens, Bolles abhors the making of new rules and ethical codes since these have "failed over and over again." Instead, the author contends, the President who leads in making policy is "the most effective antiseptic" to the wrongdoing of his colleagues. To illustrate his point, Mr. Bolles cites the "new Eisenhower," who, since the departures of Adams and Dulles, has at last seized the reins of leadership. "The transformation of Eisenhower into an assertive Chief Executive," writes the author, "coincided with an end to the demoralization of the executive branch and the independent offices."

Alas, since Mr. Bolles put down

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these words two notable derelictions have come to light, FCC Chairman John Doerfer's ill-advised excursions with a TV magnate, and lobbyist Thomas G. Corcoran's back-door intercessions at the Federal Power Commission. Either the present Mr. Eisenhower is not quite so new as Mr. Bolles seems to think he is or public immorality is due to causes more numerous and complex than mere flaws in Presidential leadership.

Mr. Bolles's analysis gives no weight to the impact of the general social environment on the state of official morality or the cyclical process of corruption, revulsion, and reform, repeated ad infinitum, which other writers have discerned in fluctuations in the ethical levels of public affairs. Neither does he acknowledge the fact that some strong Presidents have avoided public scandals not altogether by dint of their leadership but by grace of their political finesse in covering them up. Finally, one cannot help but wonder if the importance of corruption in the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations has not been grossly inflated in political discussion. This reviewer hates sin, but an uneasy feeling persists that we are prone to spend an excessive amount of time discussing the familiar subject of corruption as a substitute issue for the complex, worldwide policy decisions we are loathe to make.

Dispatches from Capitol Hill

"Carp's Washington," by Frank G. Carpenter; *edited by Frances Carpenter (McGraw-Hill. 314 pp. $5.75), transports one to the nation's Capital when Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison occupied the White House. Allen Drury, author of "Advise and Consent," was for sixteen years Capitol Hill correspondent for such newspapers as The New York Times and The Washington Evening Star. He is now Washington correspondent for The Reader's Digest.*

By Allen Drury

FRANK G. CARPENTER was sent to Washington in 1882 at the age of twenty-seven to be correspondent for the *Cleveland Leader*. In one of the early "Carp's Washington Letters" that were to delight his readers through three Administrations he caught the Capital's essence as shrewdly as anyone before or since: "Washington is like no other city in the world. It is a living curosity, made up of the strangest and most incongruous elements. There is a fairy-tale sense of instability about it. As with the palace of Aladdin which flew away in the night, one feels that this city could easily vanish and that he could wake up some morning to find himself stranded on the empty Potomac Flats."

In Frank Carpenter—whose fading scrapbooks have been edited by his daughter, Frances Carpenter, to produce this delightful volume—the evanescent city found one of its shrewdest and sharpest observers. Carp was not about to fly away in the night, and with a pen as sharp as an etcher's needle he set about to put the city and its denizens down on paper so that they wouldn't, either. In the Senate, for instance, where he ponders, as has many a correspondent over the years, whether or not to drop ink on the head of the presiding officer from the Press Gallery:

> Senator Joe Brown of Georgia is bald from forehead to crown, and the top of his skull is as level as that of a Flathead Indian. Circling his bald dome, the long iron-gray hair falls straight, then wraps itself into a thin roll which caresses his collar and looks like the haircut of a schoolgirl from the country. The Senator shaves his upper lip and his chin, leaving his luxuriant beard fastened to his lower jaw, like that of a billy goat. This beard contains enough hair to stuff a pillow, and when Mr. Brown grows excited his only sign of emotion appears in his continual clutching of it.

And across the way in the House of Representatives:

> Who has not heard of "Pig-Iron" Kelley? Mr. Kelley is very tall and very lean, being the nearest approach to a skeleton in all the House. He has a red face, grisly hair and beard, and blue eyes surrounded by rose-red lids. His shoulders are stooping, and he bends over as he sits at his desk. . . . Mr. Kelley thinks tariff, talks tariff, and writes tariff every hour of the day; a roommate of his tells me that he mumbles it over in his dreams during the night. When he goes into society he backs women into corners and asks them their opinion of the duty on steel rails.

A strain of happy exuberance runs through Carp's dispatches, and even when he is judging most severely the events and personalities of the Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison Administrations, there is a certain carefree ring to it:

> Sometimes I think the Capitol is too fine a structure for the men who have the right to seats in its chambers. The average Congressman thinks himself a great man, but he is only a public servant, after all. . . . If it were not for the necessity of formally passing appropriations, our country might do better without Congress than it does with it.

And later, more tersely: "Congressional greatness—faugh!"

Yet for all this occasional asperity, his picture rings true, because it is for the most part gentle and kindly and filled with the human minutiae which illuminate historic events. Here is Washington society: "Its principal interest comes from the fact that the most important and successful men in all branches of activity come here. Instead of there being one lion to roar at a party, there may be ten or twenty or thirty." Here are the romance and marriage of Grover Cleveland, the White House regime of his successor, Benjamin Harrison. Here also are the little tales out of school, such as the one about the Italian artist Brumidi, whose fresco in the Rotunda is described to every present-day tourist by the Capitol guides.

"The artist is said to have been a free liver," Carp confides, "and the story is told that the thirteen fair faces which look down into the Rotunda include those of certain ladies of questionable reputation with whom he was acquainted." And in a short paragraph about a summer's day, he can transport the reader instantly to a Washington whose innocent pleasantries will never recur: "I strolled into the White House today. It looks forlorn and dreary, for the family are away. The carpets are up and the rooms are as bare as though the house had a 'For Rent' sign on it. The stately Negro who tends the door walks about in his shirt-sleeves, and a party of curious sight-seers are the only living beings visible."

This is the little-known Washington of the Eighties, captured permanently by one of its most brilliant and entertaining correspondents. Frances Carpenter Huntington, herself the author of many well-known children's books, is to be congratulated for bringing it to us now—though she had, it must be admitted, superb assistance.

All she had to do was what this reviewer did: give her father the floor and let him start talking. His charm does the rest.

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Colonial Voice Reheard in Verse

"The Poems of Edward Taylor," edited by Donald E. Stanford *(Yale University Press. 543 pp. $10), is the definitive edition of the works of a long-unknown American poet. Thomas H. Johnson, who teaches English at Lawrenceville School, is a co-editor of "The Literary History of the United States."*

By Thomas H. Johnson

THE PUBLICATION of the poetry of Edward Taylor in this carefully prepared edition gives me as much pleasure as though I had had something to do with it, which in a manner of speaking I suppose I did. It was as a neophyte scholar in 1935 that I chanced upon Taylor's manuscript "Poetical Works" in the Yale University Library, and experienced the elation of discovery. For here seemed to be the work of an unknown Colonial poet whose talent was authentic and of an order that would add a new dimension to American letters. The Stanford edition puts the seal on that early surmise.

When Perry Miller and I prepared our text of "The Puritans" in 1938, we used a modest selection from Taylor's verses, and thus Taylor first entered the college classroom. In 1939 I edited "The Poetical Works of Edward Taylor," which included Taylor's most ambitious poem, "Gods Determinations," a few miscellaneous verses, and thirty-one of the 217 "Meditations" which Taylor prepared regularly before approaching the Lord's Supper. Since Taylor was unknown, at the time I was assembling material for the 1939 edition no publisher would consider the risk of a larger sampling. Piecemeal some seventy more "Meditations" had been issued by 1958, and gradually Taylor was assuming place as a major American poet. No anthology was considered adequate without representation from him, and increasingly he was made the subject of critical studies. Clearly the time had come for a text of all of Taylor's major achievement, and such this edition supplies, drawing upon the scholarship of the past two decades. Thus my 1939 edition bears much the same resemblance to it that a Model T Ford bears to the Thunderbird.

This volume reproduces all the "Meditations," "Gods Determinations," and a dozen miscellaneous poems, including brief extracts from Tayor's 438-page "Metrical History of Christianity." (The last-named is a manuscript presented in 1951 to the Redwood Library at Newport, Rhode Island. It is unlikely that more of it will be published, in part because the versified chronicle seems chiefly to have been a finger exercise for Taylor, but in part also because the ink has eaten into the paper, making much of the "History" undecipherable.) I wish to call attention to the fact, pointed out in Stanford's preface, that Taylor entitled his long series of poems "Preparatory Meditations," not "Sacramental Meditations," as I and all succeeding scholars had supposed until Professor Martz recently made the correction. The title "Sacramental Meditations" in the cramped space at the top of the page, apparently making "Preparatory Meditations" a subheading, was placed there by Taylor's grandson Ezra Stiles, who attests elsewhere on the page that the poems were written by Taylor.

For the texts that this edition presents it is definitive. But, in my opinion, in its effort to focus attention on the 128 "Meditations" here published for the first time, it unwarrantably downgrades "Gods Determinations," Taylor's one extended, carefully wrought achievement, completed when Taylor was in full vigor. The "Meditations" are separate units written over a period of forty years and concluded when Taylor was past eighty. A great many of the later ones in their perfunctory repetitiousness of theme and imagery point all too clearly to that state of mind which made Samuel Sewall say of his old friend that he was "longing and waiting for his dismission." At the same time, the critical introduction in its full discussion of the "Meditations" plays a searchlight into areas not previously illuminated so vividly.

The Rhythm and the Beat

"A Red Carpet for the Sun," by Irving Layton *(Jonathan Williams, Highlands, N.C. $2.50), and* ***"Mexico City Blues (242 Choruses)," by Jack Kerouac*** *(Grove Press. 244 pp. Cloth, $3.95. Paper, $1.75), are two volumes of verse which, according to SR's poetry editor John Ciardi, stand at the extremes of poetic excellence.*

By John Ciardi

FEW AMERICAN readers have found the work of Irving Layton. His only publisher in the United States, so far as I know, has been the small and struggling press of Jonathan Williams. Nor is it likely that poetry published in Canada will find much circulation here. Would that my words could change that fact of things, for Layton is a true poet, a marriage of heaven and hell. All of his crudities are from reality and all are sung to the form of idea burning.

One knows he is dealing with a true poetic stance even in the foreword: "Aristotle was surely wrong; it isn't reason but cruelty distinguishes our species. Man is not a rational animal, he's a dull-witted animal who loves to torture. . . . I have my share in the common disgrace; project along with others the fearful rigidities, crippling and comforting, of family, state, and religion. The free individual—independent and gay—is farther from realization than he ever was. Still, in a world where corruption is the norm and enslavement universal, all art celebrates him, prepares the way for his coming. Poetry, by giving dignity and utterance to our distress, enables us to hope, makes compassion reasonable."

No one need worry, in dealing with a poet, whether such a statement is or is not true, in whole or in part. What is obvious is that such a position utters the sensibility from which a true talent can give shape to that excitement we call poetry, in the act of seriously engaging an idea of manhood.

And the instant one senses the rhythm, he knows the talent is there. As when a master pianist touches the keyboard: one knows a true music is there before he knows what the music truly is. I am in that listener's state with Layton: I know I am in the presence of the true excitement. I know it even by hack-marks and the crudities of the playing. But I can find no way of packaging it into a quotation, or of

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stifling it into a generalization. Let the first few lines of an early poem do for all. The poem is titled "Gothic Landscape":

They stand like penitential Augustines
These trees, and in my Jewboy mind
they are monks,
Brown robed, fearful after their long
sleep in dungeons;
When I was a child one of them nearly
caught me,
But I escaped, tunneling the snow to
my mother's face;
Under her grey shawl I saw God's Assyrian beard.

There are not many poets who can say "I saw God's Assyrian beard" and make me believe it. The power of Layton's writing certainly is from the fact that it makes a world visible and imposes his reality upon it. That world will not be especially attractive to the High-Minded, but let me beg the bright young men to put the book into their pockets and Layton into their minds.

Also to hand comes Kerouac's latest excursion into let-it-spill self-expression. This one is billed as poetry, a view of things to which Kerouac has persuaded Grove Press, but not me. Poetry, I insist, is not a jam session in which the poet blows whatever comes into his head; and if it were, Kerouac is not musician enough to sit in with the men.

LYRICS OF THE SCULPTOR: Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), the universally admired painter, architect, and sculptor, wrote during his lifetime a significant, though uneven collection of lyrics. That Michelangelo did not have any literary pretensions is evidenced by the fact that his poetry had to wait until 1623 to be published. "Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarroti" appeared through the efforts of the author's grandnephew, Michelangelo Junior, who, being something of a perfectionist and a politician, saw to it that Michelangelo's "mistakes" were corrected and the coveted Imprimatur granted by the Church without any objections. The book was, of course, far from being a "correct" edition even in the philological sense since it repeatedly violated both the language and the spirit of the original manuscript, kept in the Vatican Library. It was only in 1897 that the German scholar Karl Frey produced what has remained to this very day the only acceptable edition of the "Rime," accompanied by a useful critical apparatus.

In the past, Michelangelo has frequently been rendered into English by distinguished Italophiles (such as Longfellow and Symonds). Only now,

Head of the Virgin by Michelangelo, St. Peter's, Rome.

however, is a generally faithful translation of **"The Complete Poems of Michelangelo"** (Noonday Press, $5) available at last to lovers of Renaissance letters. Joseph Tusiani, the translator, and the publisher should at once be commended for their undertaking and for their faith in the work of a long-neglected artist.

It is unfortunate that the present volume omits the Italian text, making it impossible for the reader who may be either puzzled or dissatisfied with the English rendition to consult the original poem. Translations of poetry are useful, as I see it, primarily because they often lead the reader back to the original, making a fuller understanding and enjoyment of literature possible. If this premise is acceptable, then the translator ought to strive to keep his work as close to the original text as possible.

It is my impression that, in the translation of Mr. Tusiani, Michelangelo ceases being "unpretentious, crude and rough" (three qualities that set him apart from his friends, far more polished and sophisticated than he) and becomes smooth and all too melodic. The translator's implicit commitment to repeat in English the metrical or rhyme scheme of his poet leads him at times to an unfortunate alteration of the tone of Michelangelo's verse. Mr. Tusiani confesses that his intention has been "to recapture poetic thought and not the roughness of its dress." It is easy to see how such an approach dilutes and changes the basic quality of Michelangelo's poetry.

"To translate into English Michelangelo's marmoreal frigidity [the term is unfelicitous, to say the least] is absurd, for once the original obscurity is removed the idea becomes lucid in the new language." I fail to see any necessary correlation between the character of Michelangelo's poetry and its occasional obscurity. His statements about his melancholy, his sense of despair, his loneliness (which, incidentally make him a good deal closer to the modern sensibility than his contemporary Ariosto) may not always be explicit, any more than his references to private events or historical figures. But such difficulties are our own and may be solved only through the achievement of an eventual complete, critical edition of the poet's work.

However much one may take exception to Mr. Tusiani's views and interpretations, I venture to say that his labor will be extremely rewarding. Many readers will now approach Michelangelo's poetry and will leave him with deeper understanding. Only then will they perceive the truth of a statement allegedly made by the satirical poet Berni, who once wrote apropos of Michelangelo: "Enough of you, sweet pallid violets,/ And liquid crystals, and fair beasts astray:/ You babble words, but only *he* writes thoughts."

—Sergio Pacifici.

A NEW SCHOOL OF TRANSLATION: Some books make a difference and others do not. **"The Poem Itself"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.50) does. Stanley Burnshaw and his associate editors, Dudley Fitts, Henri Peyre, and John F. Nims, have called on seventeen good scholars and poet-scholars to develop an almost entirely successful new method for presenting foreign-language poetry to American readers.

Since we have already presented a pre-publication excerpt from the book [*SR*, May 7], we need describe it only briefly here. The aim of the anthology is not to be definitely representative, but to offer a judicious sampling of European poetry in a way that will make the original poem available to American readers without the inevitable distortions of translation. In place of conventional translation one is offered an explication of the poem. The explication does, of course, contain a translation, but with the essential difference that the explication can pause wherever necessary to discuss the multiple meanings of a given word or phrase, and to relate those meanings to the body of the poet's work.

In any work of art more than one thing is likely to be happening at the same time. The conventional translator, bound by poetic form, comes to a multiple word or phrase and does his best to find an equivalent word or phrase in the second language. He knows de-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Context of Power

TWO WEEKS ago in these pages there appeared an article on CBR —war by chemical, biological, and radiological weapons. A number of letters commenting on the article have asked why the men who design and produce these weapons—whether they go by the name of Americans or Russians or British or whatever—are not brought before the World Court immediately and charged with highest crimes against the human community.

Other letters, in general, want to know what kind of men would be willing to breed virile strains of germs for use against people. How is it that demons such as these are not put away —either in jail or in mental institutions —it is asked.

Our contention is that these men are not demons, despite the fact that they may preside over the misery or death of more people than any other persons in history. They possess the power that can convert an entire planet into a radioactive wasteland. But this by itself does not make them evil men.

In saying this, we recognize that one of the great dangers confronting the world is that the men who have devised the new poison gases or the new explosives or who have been producing bacteriological weapons may not be content to see their work go forever unused. A man wants to justify his work and take pride in it and see it put to use. The most vigorous arguments in the United States for conducting nuclear tests come from the officials of the agency concerned with the manufacture of nuclear weapons. Similarly, the principal arguments in favor of authorizing poison gases and disease germs in war come from the men in charge of their production.

Yet even these grim realities do not make evil men out of the CBR contingent. These are not brutes bent on projecting their aggressive natures to the society of nations. These men exist inside a context—and the context is the fully sovereign national state. They feel they have been placed in a position where they are compelled to deal with existing conditions and the logic that seems to them to issue therefrom.

Their assignment is to assume that all political measures directed to securing peace may fail. They leave to the citizen and the statesman the business of devising and appraising the nonmilitary approaches—although they themselves must proceed on an entirely different basis. In the context of their own responsibility, they feel bound by the imperatives laid down by the new technology.

In sum, their ideas and their imperatives are shaped by the arena around them. Their job is to function in a world of competitive national sovereignties. Their responsibility is to a national society. So long as the world is divided into sovereign national units, and so long as the units exist in a condition of anarchy, their actions will be dictated by the facts that surround them.

They find historical justification for the view that the only way a nation can be secure against aggression is by being strong enough to deter it or repel it. They point to numberless case studies of national disasters in which weakness invited attack. They argue that the only restraint against the aggressor has been the possession by the United States of the atomic bomb. Otherwise, they contend, military aggression against small nations and eventually the larger ones would have resulted in world conquest.

They oppose all measures that would place any limit on the fighting capacity of the United States. Especially do they resist any efforts looking toward curtailment or control of nuclear weapons. The issue of a ban on nuclear weapons is of particular concern to them not only because it may hamper the development of new atomic weapons but also because it could lead to other measures of control that might deprive the United States of the most vital part of its nuclear protective shield.

They are quick to emphasize any flaws or weaknesses in plans directed to a ban on nuclear testing in particular and on the manufacture of nuclear weapons in general.

First, with respect to a ban on testing, they contend that no foolproof system of enforcement is possible. Even if they accept the position that all nuclear bursts above the surface or in the upper atmosphere are detectable they see no way of guarding against any secret violations through underground tests. They admit that underground megaton explosives and even reasonably large kiloton explosives will create earth tremors that can be picked up on seismograph machines strategically located at inspection centers throughout the world. But they contend that small kiloton test explosions can probably be muffled in deep underground sites. And since the future of nuclear weapons development, as they see it, is in the direction of smaller nuclear tactical devices, they oppose a ban as being both unenforceable and inimical to the national interest.

They are convinced that only nuclear testing can furnish the kinds of answers that are necessary for the development

(*Continued on page* 31)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FACTS AND FIGURES

As a regular reader of *SR* and a fan of Jerome Beatty, Jr., I was doubly disturbed to read his comments on holiday traffic tolls [Trade Winds, July 2]. Ignoring his charge that we point "with mingled pride, horror, and anticipation" at the thought of people getting killed on the highways, let's concentrate for a moment on straightening him out statistically.

The error he has made is that he has mixed *immediate death tolls* with *ultimate death tolls*. The 367 traffic toll over the Memorial Day weekend, for example, was immediate deaths. The victims who were counted died before midnight Monday. But the annual toll which he breaks down for comparative purposes is an *ultimate* death toll, which includes deaths that occur later, but are charged back to the day of the accident. Statistically, there is a 25 per cent differential between immediate death tolls and ultimate death tolls.

I am sorry that Mr. Beatty did not check the Associated Press before he wrote his comments. The AP makes a dry run two weeks before each major holiday, doing a compilation of traffic deaths for the precise number of hours and same days of the week that comprise the holiday to be observed two weeks later. Over the years the AP figures show that, with one exception, the actual holiday traffic death toll exceeds the dry runs made for a non-holiday period by an average of 25 per cent.

The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads has made studies which show that the mileage death rates for holiday periods average 25 per cent more than the mileage death rates for nonholiday periods of the same numbers of hours, same days of the week, same time of the year. Mileage death rate is the number of traffic fatalities per 100 million miles of vehicle travel.

The Council issues its pre-holiday estimates for only one purpose — to alert drivers to the extra holiday danger and to persuade them to meet the extra danger with extra care. We proceed on the theory that if the weatherman predicts rain and people take raincoats, perhaps an emphasis on upcoming danger may cause people to take along a little extra prudence.

Paul Jones,
Director of Public Information,
National Safety Council.

Chicago, Ill.

SENSE IN SCIENCE

Having read with interest the article "Literature by Electronics" by Robert J. Clements [*SR*, July 16] and having for some time had the unenviable task of supervising the hard-working group here at Syracuse University's Russian Language Program, which has been engaged in preparing the basic vocabulary for the machine, I feel that one point should be made clear. This is that the term "machine translation" is something of a misnomer. The English meaning or meanings for every Russian word on the "photoscopic memory" disc had to be—within certain strict limitations—carefully and sometimes painfully selected by a human being on the basis of his or her knowledge of Russian and English and with the help of numerous man-made dictionaries and glossaries. However sophisticated the electronics of the machine, it cannot do any more—at the present time, at least—than print out, when it encounters a Russian word, the one or more English meanings assigned to that word by our small and very human group here in Syracuse.

Therefore, I think that the contrast implied by Dr. Gilbert W. King when he refers to "human" translations versus "machine" translations is somewhat misleading. The machine does not—except on an extremely primitive level—"think" what it is translating. What it does, essentially, is prepare a very—often embarrassingly—literal "pony" of the text to be translated. Such "ponies" or "cribs"—very familiar to students of Latin—are, it is true, often useful. But the chief advantage here is speed; vast quantities of documents can be rapidly scanned for content, the important ones then being set aside for more detailed translation.

R. H. Stacy,
Syracuse University.

Syracuse, N. Y.

I feel that Mr. Clements failed to emphasize the emotional or poetic point of view strongly enough. That any machine, no matter how "sophisticated" or complex, could produce a valuable (I do not say "correct") literary translation is unthinkable. Translating, adapting, re-creating a work of art from one language into another is a labor of love; and any translator worth his salt will agree that no machine will ever suffer the pangs of creative labor.

The mechanical translator is fine and dandy for technical, reportorial, and cryptographic work; but let's leave the arts to human beings with souls.

Eric Rudd.

New York, N.Y.

How would one go about translating "Finnegans Wake" into an output language?

Ihor A. Levitsky,
University of Georgia.

Athens, Ga.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"And just how did you get in Frederick's Potsdam Guards?"

WHAT MAKES A BIOGRAPHER?

I don't know whether to be more amused or indignant at Donald Cox's assumptions (and presumptions) in "Do Women Make the Best Biographers?" [*SR*, July 9]. I thought the time had long gone by when a writer could receive a condescending pat on the head just because she happens to be a woman.

I am sure all the biographers so kindly praised by Mr. Cox wish to be judged solely by their work, and not by irrelevant aspects of their private persons. And a male biographer needs exactly the same characteristics—from patient detail to interviewing gall—as a female one.

Miriam Allen deFord

San Francisco, Calif.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Classic Novel

"SONS AND LOVERS," the newest addition to Jerry Wald's five-foot shelf, luckily seems to have been more influenced by the cinematic style of "Room at the Top" than by Mr. Wald's version of "The Sound and the Fury." The original source, that is, has been respected to a considerable degree; and the location work in the industrial Midlands of England adds authenticity to the movie. Mr. Wald has, in fact—and very much to his credit—allowed "Sons and Lovers" to be made into an English movie, with a largely English cast directed by Jack Cardiff, a first-rate English cameraman who now shows himself to be an able director, too. The lone Hollywood representative is Dean Stockwell, a good young actor, although not quite on home ground as the mother-sickened Paul Morel.

But if the movie has some positive merits, with particularly good performing by Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller, as Paul's father and mother, it also has deficiencies. The novel was probably Lawrence's greatest; it still has enormous stature as a literary work; and it had the further distinction of being a kind of verification of certain aspects of Freudian psychology, at a time when such psychology was all but unknown in fiction. Not that Lawrence consciously followed Freudian precepts in the writing of the work. Paul's soul-sickness had its counterpart in his own mother-dominated youth. And Paul's two early loves, Miriam and Clara, represented sexual polarities that again reflected Lawrence's own experience. This experience was reflected with passionate intensity in the novel. The passion and intensity are, unfortunately, what are missing in the film. Without joining the camp of those who insist that a film adaptation should faithfully follow the concepts of its model, I still find it reasonable to expect that when a book has as much richness as "Sons and Lovers" some of this richness should be in the screen version, too. What we have, in this case, is a well-made film, but distinctly a minor one.

Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, the adapters, have made a compact, workmanlike screenplay from the book. They have given us sharp but too obviously defined portraits of the major characters. Miriam's problem (her inability to give Paul the physical love he needs) is explained in a few brief references to her mother's frigidity. There is all too little intensity in Paul's highly significant love affair with her. It is as though these fine chapters of the novel were being summarized. Nor does the film ever come to grips with the relationship between Paul and his mother. Wendy Hiller's performance as a protective, doting, possessive mother is affecting, but the Lawrence thesis is obscured. Mary Ure, as the more sensual Clara, is expressive, and best of all is Trevor Howard, as Morel, the futile father, mired in his bleak life as a miner, a man made miserable by a wife who despises him and who is determined that her youngest son shall escape a similar life. Perhaps budget contingencies kept the film from the larger scope it might have had. For, while it took boldness to film the novel, there is skimpiness in the execution.

THE Soviet version of Dostoevski's **"The Idiot"** reaches us through an exchange agreement in which the Russians get to see "All About Eve." For easier assimilation by our audiences, the dialogue of "The Idiot" has been dubbed into English, an unhappy and distressing alteration. I have yet to come across any dubbing job that in any way adds to the appreciation of a foreign film. Some of the best Soviet actors are represented by American voices with little dramatic training. This complaint aside, it can be said that the Russians haven't attempted to get the whole novel onto the screen, but have instead carefully transcribed the first third or so. This portion is drama-filled enough, including as it does the famous scene in which Nastasia Filipovna tosses an enormous bundle of rubles into the fireplace and invites her suitor, Ganya, to dig the money out. It is wonderful nineteenth-century drama, and it is accompanied by all the eye-rolling and exaggerated gestures we have come to expect from the grandly mannered Russian acting. The color is as flamboyant and lavish as the acting. Y. Yakovlev's Christ-like Prince Myshkin has the proper quality, and both Miss Borisova as Nastasia and Miss Maximova as Aglaya are fiery beauties. It may be time, however, to send Lee Strasberg on a mission to Moscow to demonstrate the latest wrinkles in the "Method" we borrowed from the Russians some time ago. They may have invented it, but judging by the acting styles in "The Idiot" we have improved on it. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Withering Heights

THE JETS are flying the long runs, and the jet pilots, when they are so moved, reach for the mike and deliver an impressive if unintelligible string of gobbledygook. But off in the hinterlands, the DC-3s and the DC-4s still flail at the wind and take you places where no jet will ever land in our times. At one point, the other day, a Panagra pilot on the flight deck of a new DC-8, was buzzing through the loudspeaker with the news that we were doing "80 per cent of Mach 1," or four-fifths the speed of sound, or 580 miles an hour. Just aft of his cockpit there was a stand-up bar, and hostesses were dishing out tidbits called *anticuchos*, which is to say, pieces of broiled beef heart on a skewer.

A short while later we changed planes at Lima, and Faucett, the feeder line that probes the interiors of Peru, was rushing us off to the highlands in a workaday DC-3. A few minutes after take-off the passengers were invited to go on oxygen. The steward made his way along the aisle, taking the cellophane wrapper off the rubber hose that waited at each seat. Soon he donned a mask, carrying a portable tank of oxygen in one hand and a tray of refreshments in the other. If you were trusting and hungry you put down your pipe long enough to have coffee and sandwiches. We were up to 21,000 feet, a good 10,000 feet below the normal flying altitude of a jet. Ice formed at the windows, it being eight degrees below zero outside the cabin, and down below us snow spilled along the creases of the brown mountains.

We landed in two hours on the dusty plateau at Cuzco, the capital city that the ancient Incas established 10,480 feet above sea level. From this rarified perch they ruled their South American empire, which, in their salad days of the sixteenth century, stretched from Colombia clear to Chile, or about the same expanse of latitude that lies between Casablanca and Sweden.

Every year, at the time of the winter solstice in South America, the Incas celebrated the Inti Raymi, a festival of the sun, for the sun was the natural father of the first Inca, one Manco Capac. Virgins of the Sun came to Cuzco for the Inti Raymi and so did troupes from the Inca nations, dressed in wild costumes and queer masks, bringing their own llamas for offerings. They fasted on herbs and water before the ceremony, and danced in a frenzy during it. Some died from exhaustion, having danced themselves to death, a notable honor.

Into the heartland of the Incas in the spring of 1534 came Francisco Pizarro and the Conquistadores. The first parcel of real estate they appropriated in the city was the site on the great square for the Cathedral, which eventually took ninety-four years to build. The Catholic feast days were introduced, and when the festival of St. John the Baptist fell on the 24th of June, it was close enough to solstice time to incorporate it with the Inca celebration of the Inti Raymi.

—*Photos by H.S.*

Sun worshipers at Cuzco—dancing themselves to death was an honor.

As it happened, the Faucett pilot put us down in the highlands of Cuzco on the day of the Inti Raymi this year, and all through the ancient streets of Cuzco Indians in their ponchos and their outlandish hats were hurrying to the festival grounds. The lobby of the Hotel de Turistas—the place was christended by its owners, the Peruvian Government—was a mad jumble of sophisticated Limeños from the capital, American tourists, and Germans on leave from their adopted homelands in neighboring South American countries. We drank *pisco* sours at the bar, tucked a box lunch under the arm, and climbed into cars for the crawl up the mountain road to the Inca fortress called Sacsahuaman, rising another 1,500 feet through the dust clouds, the grinding cars, and the swarms of nimble Indians. The sight at the top was scarcely believable. Thousands of Indians in an incredible assortment of raiment swarmed over the giant stone walls that had been built barehanded by the Incas or the pre-Incas, nobody knows who. Says T. R. Ybarra in "Lands of the Andes": "Sacsahuaman strikes you breathless. . . . Incredible! Superb! Megalithic! Cyclopean! That is the kind of comment it wrings from you." (Said Hiram Bingham, the discoverer of Machu Picchu, "It is the most grandiose creation of the ancient inhabitants of the American hemisphere.") On the day I saw it, covered as it was by its amazing audience and with the cast of the festival drama waiting in the wings, it was certainly all of that.

The cast at Sacsahuaman—llamas, police, and prostrate Americans.

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TO THE ORIENT OR TO ROME

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"All you want to say," said a theatrically-minded friend from New York, "is 'Strike the set.'"

Ambulances waited. Llamas held by Indians in tribal costume waited. Police in pith helmets and sunglasses with mirror lenses waited. Two Americans in our party found the rarified air unnourishing and passed out. The handiest piece of equipment I had brought along was a portable oxygen bottle picked up at Hammacher Schlemmer in New York. A military doctor appeared, injected a reviver into the prostrate forms, and gave them whisky. Then the festival began and Inca warriors marched across the parade ground. There were masked dancers and plumed dancers and troupes leading reluctant llamas. Then came the high priest in black with the vestal virgins kneeling around him. The Inca himself mounted a small stage which had been painted to look like the massive Inca-cut boulders and began a declamation on behalf of the sun. His words went unheard and the Indians on the old Incaic rocks began to hoot and clap. The Inca blew into the microphone and his incantations in the strange tongue called *Quechua*, spoken by five million South Americans, boomed out around the fortress.

As the afternoon's action waned, the Indians began filtering down from the heights of Sacsahuaman, spilling into the Plaza de Armas, the main square. The pure Indians wore their felt hats pulled down low over their ears and the part-white women showed off the strain with high-crowned white straw hats with black bands. There were others in ritual dress and some of these stopped to have a formal portrait taken by the street-corner photographer who normally dotes on tourists. When I paused to take a picture of the picture-taking, a wise old Indian who was part of the group came after me asking for posing money. I had not a *sol* in my pocket, but he was happy with three filter-tip Benson & Hedges from the crush-proof box fetched from Manhattan.

In the center of the square, looking down on the odd scene, was the iron statue of a feather-decked North American Indian which somehow was shipped down here in a mixup of orders from a stateside statue-maker. In some square in the United States somewhere there stands a statue of the last emperor of the Incas posing as a North American.

All around the Plaza de Armas, which the Incas once called Leisure Square, are the hulking memorials left by the colonials, many of them built on foundation stone pried loose from Sacsahuaman and rolled down the hill. The earthquake of 1650 shook Cuzco to its Incaic foundations, and the great Cathedral on the Plaza rocked with it. During the period of reconstruction the Jesuits rebuilt their own church, La Compañia de Jesús, in so grand a fashion that it became a rival to the Cathedral, eventually igniting a controversy that reached all the way to Rome.

THE FESTIVAL, whether it was honoring the sun god of the Incas or St. John the Baptist, went on for several days. In the chill night Cuzco echoed with fireworks that were exploded on an esplanade alongside the Cathedral. The people crowded close and small boys were given the honor of holding the staff on which spark-spitting pinwheels twirled. At the street corner, Indian women wrapped in wool ponchos stirred hot rum and offered it for sale by the cupful. Somewhere beneath the din of the explosions the church bells tolled and clashed horrendously with an off-key band dressed in their Sunday civilian suits that marched down a street. The Hotel de Turistas, a few blocks away, was having its own frenzy. The lobby was jammed with a new flood of arrivals, among them a covey of highly preened and lacquered doves from Lima and a scattering of that dogged breed of tourist that wears crepe-soled walking shoes, memorizes folders, scrutinizes the map at dinner, carries an ancient Kodak with a crinkled bellows, and frequents archeological treasure troves. Doubtless they scrutinized their itineraries carefully, too, for they had rooms at the Hotel de Turistas, that Astor of the Andes, and we had none. The hotel known as the Continental, down by the tracks, had some broom closets to offer, but there were no locks on the doors and a visiting football team was already in raucous residence; we chose instead a sixty-mile ride into the Urubamba, known among the local pamphlet-writers as the Sacred Valley of the Incas. It was a two-hour trip past lakes reflecting majestic mountains, past red earth and yellow *retama* bushes and tall green eucalyptus, and then the valley lay below spread out in the mist. It is a place where apples and pears and strawberries grow, and where the lone hotel, only three years old, has seventeen rooms, any of them available at $3.75 a day—and that includes three meals.

If the Incas kept the Urubamba secret from the world, the Peruvians haven't exactly blabbed about it either. But the hotel, it seems to me, is a real find—big and spacious, with a swimming pool on the premises, trout running in the river nearby, and the scent of the old Inca civilization so heavy in the air you can hang your coat on it.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Editorial

Continued from page 26

of kiloton explosives in the warheads of defensive missiles. The need for smaller, compressed machinery in which to house an atomic bomb that can be fitted into comparatively small missiles calls for persistent experimentation. If all nuclear testing is to be banned, whether in the air or underground, then they fear a situation in which an enemy nation may already possess superiority with respect to nuclear versatility through missiles or may try to develop this superiority by secret violations.

As for agreements calling for reduction or elimination of nuclear stockpiles, the advocates of security through military power can see no reasonable basis for enforcement. They point out that there is no way of taking an accurate census of all nuclear weapons in the arsenals of the nations. The ease with which bombs could be secretly stored in a large country, or even in a small one, would make it essential to rely on the good faith of all parties concerned. And it is the precise absence of such good faith that raises the question of security in the first place. They are willing to admit that a large number of bombs might be surrendered as part of an agreement, but they fear that this might actually be in the nature of a camouflage tactic, with thousands of bombs held in secret reserve.

With respect to the question of radioactive fallout dangers, they see no serious risk in a continuation of nuclear testing, even when conducted in the atmosphere. They acknowledge the fact that radioactive contamination may result in a small increase in deaths, but they feel this increase is so small alongside the size of the total population that it should be seen in proportion and perspective. They point out that 30,000 people lose their lives each year in highway accidents in the United States, yet there is no serious movement to abolish automobiles. Even if nuclear testing should produce the same number of casualties—in itself a dubious proposition—it would not be an exorbitant price for the national security

Proponents of this argument feel that this is not the only respect in which the United States should be prepared to run serious risks in furtherance of the national security.

They hold that nuclear explosives, ballistic missiles, and CBR weapons all belong to a war technology in which surprise attack is a specific and growing danger.

Hence it may be necessary, they contend, to take measures that might otherwise be considered provocative in the effort to guard against such surprise attack. They recognize that the dividing line between acts of espionage and acts of war may be difficult to define, but they feel that any question here must be resolved in favor of the national interest. Moreover, they contend that the enemy has a war timetable of his own from which he cannot readily be taunted or budged.

In the political area, they similarly feel that the nation must be prepared to undertake and accept measures that might seem harsh or not consistent at all points with a democratic heritage. For example, the operation of military bases throughout the world may call for concession or manipulation that might not conform to abstract principles of correct behavior. But this, too, they say, is an unhappy but essential price that must be paid for maintaining an effective, strong posture, one that both prevents the spread of a hostile ideology and serves as a deterrent to surprise attack.

FINALLY, they accuse advocates of disarmament and world law of being less concerned with freedom than with peace. Indeed, they charge the peace group with a disposition to surrender in advance rather than to stake its life in the cause of liberty. They point to specific individuals enjoying world prominence in the crusade for peace who have stated they would submit to tyrannical rule rather than see mankind exterminated in a nuclear war.

All these contentions—that is, the contention of those who favor nuclear testing and who oppose any limitations on the war-making abilities of the United States—cannot be dismissed as the irresponsible notions of evil or malicious men. To repeat, they take the world as they find it; they know of no way to change the present context of world conflict; their rendezvous, as they see it, is not with destiny but with inevitability.

It becomes necessary, therefore, to meet their arguments—not with outrage or contempt, but with serious and deliberate purpose. Over the past ten years this magazine has attempted to present the counter-arguments. We expect to continue to do so. But we have never believed we were dealing with evil men. The essential evil, of course, resides in the failure of people everywhere to think through the implications of a new age that has made the world a geographic unit without also making it a governed unit.

To repeat: The men who superintend the new weapons do so inside a certain context. Our job is to change the context. —N.C.

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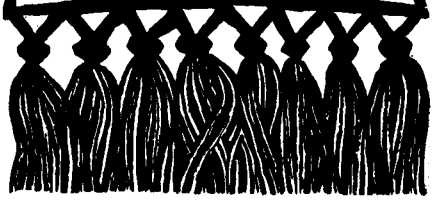

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Half Moon Over Miami, Maag in Lima

LIMA, PERU.

IT SEEMED a good omen for a journey of musical investigation to South America that there was at least half a "Moon Over Miami" when Panagra's jet flight 81 puffed to a contented rest after its run from New York. Even if the hour was 2:45 A. M. (following a post-midnight departure) there was the soothing syrup of Muzak intoning "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Giannina Mia," and "Look for the Silver Lining" through the stately, if empty, halls of the Miami Airport. Three and four o'clock turned to five before the plane was ready for departure for Panama, but there was no lack of music at any time.

The last time I saw Lima it was on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera in Rolf Gérard's fanciful setting for the Cyril Ritchard production of Offenbach's "La Perichole"—who is, of course, one of Peru's lasting artistic legends. It is a measure of the modest state that tourism has yet attained here that there is no restaurant called "La Perichole" (even less, the *original* "La Perichole"), but give them time. The first time I really saw Lima, it was against the mottled blend of mist and mountains which give it a unique setting among the notable cities of the world. It remained a lasting one as time came to board the plane for the flight south to Santiago, for time is piled up here like geological strata, with primitive squalor at the bottom and luxurious air-conditioned hotels at the top.

As a gateway to the new window on the world which has been opened by Panagra's jet service down the east coast, Lima has many attractions, including some specific ones for the music-minded. You can hear it in all degrees and kinds, from the authentic Creole (the word has a different meaning in these lands than it does in ours) of the coastal people and the remainders of the Sierra (highland) music of the Indians to the Xavier (Savier, here) Cugat sort of thing, dispensed at this moment by the genial Cugie himself in the basement Grill Bolívar (no bargain basement this) of the very hotel in which these words are being typed.

You can hear another kind at social gatherings which are considered incomplete without a trio (at least) of strolling natives, who dispense a local form of *canto*, self-accompanied on six-string guitars, the staff of life in the general musical diet. They favor a slow waltz for the most part, but speed up now and then to a tangoish 6/8, in vocal harmony as close as the trousers of the dapper brown suits that hug their slender frames. The gathering I was privileged to attend was at *Los Condores* ("The Condors") a club maintained by the upper crust in the commercial life of Lima. A bare half-hour's drive from the low-lying city, it is 800 meters above the central Plaza San Martín, whose Edinburghish drizzle was replaced by brilliant sunshine and soft Andesian air. Though this is mid-winter in Peru, the waters of the outdoor swimming pool (unheated) were an inviting relief from the sun's warming heat.

MUCH music also goes on in the homes, which means that it is involved with the lives of the well-to-do minority—many of whom have been educated in the United States or Europe and have married Americans or Europeans—and have returned to family interests of long standing. If this suggests an intimate salon with languid attention to Chopin or Debussy, the suggestion is misleading. The "home" to which I was admitted at the hour of six on a Saturday evening (this is a kind of pre-dinner gathering, for the local custom follows the general Latin one of supper at nine or later) sheltered some 500 visitors in rooms and corridors extending in a T from a central platform (improvised).

This was a regular meeting of *Campo Abierto* ("Open Fields"), a "club femenino de arte y cultura" of cultivated persons who support charitable causes from the funds derived from meetings, lectures, concerts, etc. While awaiting the construction of a permanent meeting place, they use such homes as this huge single-story but spacious *hacienda* of a "Maranga" ("Dairy") spread over many hectares, a half-hour's drive from Lima on the coastal side. The Peruvian owner-host's effects identified him as a graduate of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a landowner with a veterinarian flair whose butterfat-producing cows have won him numerous trophies, a musical enthusiast with a large Ampex stereo tape-console against a wall (record changer at the bottom), and a man whose wife is a reader of *Vogue*.

First the audience listened to a discussion of the folk music that was heard in this particular session, a product of the coastal area. The performers ranged from a middle-aged Peruvian who squatted over an oblong case (somewhat similar to the suitcases used in our "jug" bands, but made of wood) to a shapely young woman in a flame-colored dress who was not without the Abbe Lane influence. When struck at the center, the case produced a deep leathery thump, with a higher-pitched variant available at the edges. Guitars provided the harmonic chording, interpolated runs and countermelodies to the singing of *tonadillas*, which could be nasal and strident (in solo recitation) or pleasantly blended in duetted refrains. Like all the native music heard in Peru so far, it has a zesty vitality. Also, to judge from the laughter around me (the audience included adolescents, "young marrieds," and their seniors), earthy humor. Some of it was of the contest variety, with alternating choruses from two singers, then a final concerted one. When time arrived for our return to Lima, the audience gathered about a bountiful buffet to speed the interval and fortify themselves for another hour's performance, perhaps with a *pisco* (grape brandy) sour or two.

There is also concert music in Lima, dispensed by the Orquesta Sinfonica Nacional. It is presently under the direction of the upcoming Peter Maag, who is winding up a tour of the South American circuit with a fortnight in Lima. The Mozart ("Prague") and Brahms (No. 2) symphonies they performed in the Teatro Municipal had the interest of an enthusiastic audience which filled perhaps three-quarters of the 1,400 seats (unofficial count). That Maag was able to deliver a Mozart performance recognizably akin to those he has recorded for London with the Suisse Romande is a tribute to his own experienced leadership and the good will of the players. When Igor Stravinsky comes to lead them in August he will find a good nucleus of string players, able firsts in the woodwinds and brass, plus a filling-in of others who may or may not "execute" at a given moment. When all goes well, it has a sweet, resonant sound in the four-tiered, wood-and-plaster auditorium of the Teatro Municipal. Some of the best sound came in the Schumann concerto, for which the Hungarian pianist Peter Frankl was the suitably Schumannesque soloist. And so, not to bed, but to Santiago.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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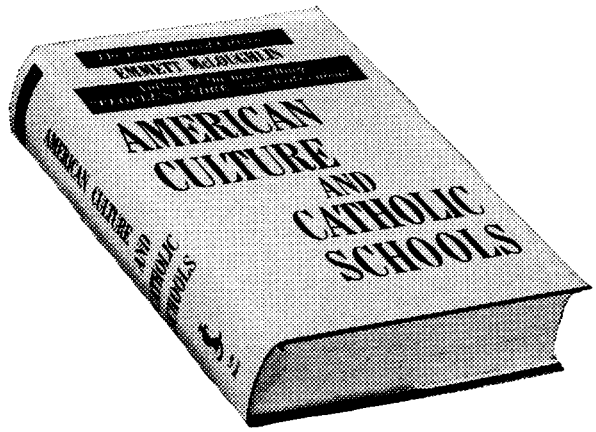
An Announcement Of Much Consequence . . .



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Poetry

Continued from page 25

spairingly, however, that such equivalent words and phrases simply do not exist except by the rarest sort of accident. Inevitably he must distort something. Every good translator has been eager to apologize for such distortions.

Mr. Burnshaw's method is much the best yet evolved to eliminate such distortion. Anyone who will read the explication with care should soon find himself prepared to read the original poem.

The difference this book makes lies not only in its own excellence but in the fact that it will certainly become the basis for many future anthologies of foreign language poetry. Mr. Burnshaw and his associates have fathered a new school of translation.

Since the explications are necessarily six to eight times longer than the poems, we must foresee, as one limitation of Mr. Burnshaw's method, the fact that it is not likely to work for long poems.

Nor is it likely that phonetic renderings and notes on pronunciation can be much help in getting the general reader to the sound of a language he does not already know. We suggest that an accompanying record album, though expensive, would be the one satisfactory way to let American readers hear the original. Such an album would add the one final touch to a grandly achieved project. —J. C.

GOATY EVENING IN HELLAS: The word the Greeks had for it was *Thesmophoriazusae*. Always breezy in such matters, Dudley Fitts renders the title "**Ladies' Day**" (Harcourt, Brace, $4). The literalists, of course, will howl: how can "Ladies' Day" convey any sense of the Thesmophorian Woman's Festival? Let them howl: how can any such title as "Thesmophoriazusae" convey to an English reader any sense of the sort of bawdy farce Aristophanes has uncorked here?

The argument, as Fitts once defined it previously, is between the literal and the faithful. The good translator (and Fitts is a master) soon learns that, except by luckiest and rarest chance, one cannot be both literal and faithful at the same time. The literal rendering kills the spirit.

Fitts has done what a wise and learned and supple-minded man must do to breathe life into a piece of writing whose assumptions have vanished from the reach of all but scholars. The present play is a lampoon of Euripides and it reaches for many of its laughs by parodying Euripidean lines, lines the Aristophanic audience knew very well. And where the literalist would cling to the Euripidean original line by line, burying all the life and play of the writing in tangled footnotes, Fitts foregoes the hopeless assumption that the original lines could work for English readers, and substitutes lines *they* know very well.

He has done as much for all sorts of topical references, puns, and wisecracks—bypassing the literal phrasing when it has become meaningless for an equivalent but faithful phrasing.

I, for one, am grateful, as I have been in the past for every product of Dudley Fitts's wise and gracious imagination. I once did a very thorough freshman job of flunking Greek and without the kind of mediation of which Fitts is a master I simply have no way of reaching the big, bawdy gusto of Aristophanes, who has suffered more than most from the embroidered fig leaves of genteel "translators."

The play itself is, to be sure, no great shakes. It bangs about as a hit-and-miss farce, ending with the broadest sort of dialectic clown chasing his tail around the stage. It is pointless in a way, and one can understand well enough why it did not fetch first prize at its Dionysia, but it is still big and bawdy and belly laughing in a way the cramped world has forgotten and needs to remember. Fitts has saved a goaty evening from the thickets of time and anybody with too much lawn in his life would do well to wander off with him into the bushes and hear that original belly laugh again. —J.C.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

the second trip. Pat tried to row himself back, in a borrowed curragh, but the fury of the waves forced him to return to the mainland, defeated. This he could never forgive himself.

The third island family was the Reeces—he about eighty, she, younger, in her sixties. As storm warnings approached, he slowly walked around his four small fields, which he had loved and tended over the years, and finally joined his wife in their cottage and closed the door. After the storm, only two battered walls remained of their house.

It is young Jackie, however, who brings the story alive: when he discovers how a miracle—a small one, but a miracle nontheless—is wrought in the well of St. Brendan; how the sea tastes and how the silvery sprats flash in their abundance along the beach; how his heart beats wildly and his cheeks blush when he is with young Eilis Coneeley. It was inevitable that they will live on the island, too, when they grow up, and never leave. ". . . you could not live on an island only in fair weather, and desert your home and your island to the storm when the weather turned foul. That was not what a man did."

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—Margaret Hurley.

Your Literary I. Q.

"OR"

Conducted by John T. Winterich

In Column One below are the sub-titles of ten plays. In Column Two are the main titles. Robert Kohn of Bronxville, New York, asks you to assign the right sub-titles to the right main titles and then to assign the packages to the right playwrights, listed in Column Three. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 36.

1.	"Vittoria Corombona"	"All For Love"	Luigi Pirandello
2.	"The Honest Man's Revenge"	"The Pirates of Penzance"	Thomas Otway
3.	"Hieronimo Is Mad Again"	"Six Characters in Search of an Author"	John Webster
4.	"The Slave of Duty"	"The White Devil"	John Dryden
5.	"What You Will"	"The Relapse"	William S. Gilbert
6.	"Sir Fopling Flutter"	"The Spanish Tragedy"	Thomas Kyd
7.	"The World Well Lost"	"The Man of Mode"	William Shakespeare
8.	"A Plot Discovered"	"Twelfth Night"	George Etherege
9.	"Virtue In Danger"	"The Atheist's Tragedy"	John Vanbrugh
10.	"A Comedy in the Making"	"Venice Preserved"	Cyril Tourneur

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No Hix in the Stix?

Continued from page 13

ers throw (I know of these purely from hearsay), but they are not so essential to his well-being as are the corresponding shindigs in London. And the book clubs, at their worst, cannot breed so much covetousness and politics as the Paris literary prizes.

It is more a matter of financial than of cultural domination that makes New York the center of the American literary scene. For certain types of writer, for the writer who is basically a reporter of the current fashions, living in or around New York may be essential. But for the poet, the novelist, possibly even for the dramatist, it is not essential. He will find, all over the Union, centers of adequate cultivation and sophistication to keep an edge on his mind and keep him up to the mark. One neglected aspect of the creation of a national culture is that the regional writer is now expected to meet national standards. He is no longer forgiven naïveté and clumsiness because he is bringing us news from Podunk. What Mr. Wallace Stegner has written of the West Coast seems to me true of the whole country. There is a full acceptance of the modern world, a confidence in the adequacy of the regional variety of the national culture that is very different from the ostentatious preaching of the regional ethos and refusal to accept national standards that could be noted a generation ago. The South may be backward; it may be the only surviving real "region"; but from a literary point of view it is certainly sophisticated enough. True, the sophisticated Southern writer may not have enough sophisticated readers in his home town or county. But he will at least have some, and they are increasing. In any case, writing for other writers or for readers who are perpetually on the lookout for novelty and are consequently slaves of fashion may produce a literature that is smarter than durable. Literary history is full of "movements" that petered out. A certain provincial slowness is not a total handicap.

Again we came back to the colleges. They are not only the most effective patrons of writers in many regions without a living local tradition; they are, by reason of a change in the economics of New York publishing, becoming important in another way. With a few honorable exceptions, the regular publishers are less and less willing (or less and less able) to publish for prestige reasons. So the serious critic, the biographer on the heroic scale, the historian who doesn't write about the Civil War, the translator, even the poet have to find patrons in the university presses. William Sloane of the Rutgers University Press recently stressed the importance of this development. It will continue, and maybe a division of labor is being unconsciously set up. If so, much of the serious and most permanent work will be selected, published, and promoted far from New York. This is already evident in the magazine field. The "little theatres" so often associated with universities may even threaten the New York monopoly. Economics will continue to make for a New York predominance but, with the exception of the theatre, there is no New York monopoly in writing. This applies both to themes and to the location and attitudes of writers. If the decline of the old literary centers is to be deplored, it is to be noted that even New York is being nationalized. *The New Yorker* has abandoned its local edition, and where are the metropolitan wits of today? Most of the complaints you hear in the back country, you hear in New York. If an enterprising bookseller with high standards and serious ambitions has to sell records as well as books, look at the New York bookstores. The paperback revolution, with its still unclear but obviously revolutionary effect, is no more powerful in Nashville than in Manhattan. The whole question of what is a "book," of the role of literacy in our culture, has got to be debated, and debated everywhere on the same terms.

For there is another side to the whole question. The American and British cultures are historically literary cultures. And it is my guess that a lot of our misery comes from the fact that there has been a shift in interest from literature to music and the visual arts. The young scientist may be illiterate (I don't meet many who are) but he is often devoted to hi-fi; he is quite often a performer. He may be a Sunday painter, and if he is, it is not in the style of President Eisenhower or even of Sir Winston Churchill. After all, in Italy and Germany music has been the primary art for a long time. There are Goethe and Dante, but the rest of these national cultures are dominated by music. We may be going that way. And who can doubt that musically the sticks have made immense progress in the past generation? "As rare as an oboe player in the Bible Belt" was one of Mencken's most famous similes. How false it would ring today! How many good amateur musicians one encounters, not to speak of the proliferation of orchestra and chamber music "combos," all over the Union! Radio and TV may have done nothing but harm to the drama but they have done a lot of good to music, to taste, and to the level of performance.

AND as for the fine arts? Here I face a personal difficulty. From what I am quite prepared to write off as the equivalent of tone-deafness, I don't "dig" most of modern art. But thanks to the fine arts departments of the colleges (including the much-abused teachers' colleges), the latest fashions in painting and sculpture are known and, as far as I can judge, genuinely admired and appreciated in regions where a generation ago "Custer's Last Stand" set the standard. Maybe it is all snobbery. Well, if it is, that shows how like New York the sticks have become! Maybe it is a waste of the taxpayers' money to train intending teachers in the school of action painting and then send them to work for school boards that know nothing about art but know what they dislike! The battle of the generations has to be fought in each generation. But it is being fought with very sharp and modern weapons in the backlands of the United States today. Sure, there are rows about making "The Catcher in the Rye" prescribed reading in a high school curriculum. But that kind of row would have been inconceivable thirty years ago, when the works of Irving and Scott were modern enough for the safe and sound curriculum. What is going to happen to an America where Main Street is breathing down the neck of Broadway I don't know, but that is what you have today. If you want real provincialism, accept the advice of the tourist agencies: "Come to Britain" or, better still, France.

"I'm going to have to hide out for a few hours; six kids with guns are trying to finish me off."

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Perspective/60

Continued from page 8

monstratively present as the candidate arrived from his North Rossmore hideaway en route to the convention rostrum, to show that now, after their earlier surly neutrality, they were his people.

Several of them gathered in the balmy evening about the pool of the prefabricated cottage, drinking. They drank Coca-Colas and beer, for strong drink is frowned on by John Kennedy at his headquarters (Kennedy is a soft-drink man himself). They waited, chatting with each other, and then one of them—either Bailey or DiSalle, I forget which—said, "There he comes now."

A hush fell on them. Far off in the distance they could see a winking row of tiny red lights serpentining across a Los Angeles boulevard. All of them recognized it, for they were bosses, mayors, governors, masters of police themselves. It was a police cavalcade, bearing possibly a future President of the United States, approaching from the hideaway where Kennedy had spent the evening.

Kennedy loped into the cottage, with the light, dancing step that is his manner, and for a moment they surrounded him. Green of Philadelphia hugged him—perhaps ignorant of the fact that Kennedy is a man who hates to be touched, gripped, hugged, taken by the lapels, or accosted in any of the gestures which are so common among Republican and Democratic politicians alike. Kennedy seeks reserve always, a little distance between him and the

public. Then Kennedy gently left the hug and was alone in a corner of the room with his brother Robert and brother-in-law Sargent Shriver. The others surged forward on impulse to join him. They then halted. A distance of perhaps thirty feet separated them from him, but it was impassable. They stood apart, these older men of established and decades-long power, and watched him. He turned after a few moments, saw them watching him, and whispered to his brother-in-law, who approached to invite them across the space. First, Averell Harriman. Then, Dick Daley. Then Mike DiSalle. Then, one by one, in an order determined by his instinct and judgment, he let them all congratulate him. Yet no one could pass the little open distance uninvited because there was this separation about him and the knowledge that they were there not as his patrons but as his clients. They could come by invitation only.

After a few moments of conversation it was time to go to the convention hall, which, an hour before, had witnessed the delegates choosing Jack Kennedy.

Outside the cottage, the instantaneous throng had gathered, the mob which always coagulates about power. The mob was thick over the few hundred feet from the cottage to the convention and it was, conceivably, dangerous as all mobs are. All of them, then, mayors, governors, bosses alike, clustered together and formed a flanking escort about Kennedy, led by the white-helmeted police of Los Angeles, to protect Kennedy as they offered him to the convention. There were the short—DiSalle (Ohio), Daley (Chi-

cago), Green (Philadelphia), Wagner (New York)—and the tall—Harriman (New York), Williams (Michigan), John McCormick (Boston), and many others; but all of them alike put their heads down to plunge through the crowd and protect him, bowing to a man of another age and a new era. No one of them, perhaps, could remember six months or a year back to the day when they had other candidates, other dreams. Kennedy was now *their* candidate; he had compelled their loyalty, as he had compelled the loyalty of this entire convention which had no other choice.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. White, author of "The View From the Fortieth Floor," is now at work on a book about the campaign of 1960. In a subsequent article he will comment on the Republican National Convention.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 4, 10, 1, 9, 3, 6, 5, 2, 8. Column Three should read: 10, 8, 1, 7, 4, 3, 5, 6, 9, 2.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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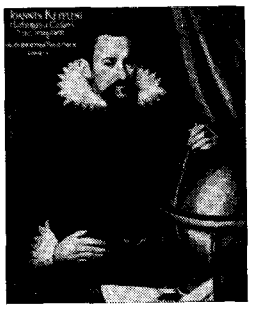

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHEN SPACE TRAVEL WAS WITCHCRAFT

THE first spaceboat designed to carry human passengers across the electrical sea beyond the air lagoon that guards planet Earth has made its inaugural voyage under the flag of Soviet Russia. There are some who think a man was aboard; if so, he will go into the history books as a martyr of science; but the official story is that the passenger's cabin was occupied only by a dummy. The official account sounds reasonable enough, for such a dummy is being fashioned here in America for a similar trip. It will not leave Earth until after a simpler body of instruments rides this country's first spacecraft aloft, perhaps around the time this August 1960 issue of SR/Research goes to press. Shaped like a flat-bottomed teardrop, the American vessel will be ejected on this trial run from the top of an intercontinental rocket in a parabola only 100 miles high, and will parachute into the Atlantic Ocean somewhere between the coasts of Florida and Africa. Possibly before the end of 1960, more probably in early 1961, a man will go in the Mercury capsule (to give it the name assigned by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration) over the same route to discover some of the psychological and physical hazards of orbiting Earth and returning, then venturing further outward toward the Moon.

These events, however, are the latter stages—not the beginning—of interplanetary space exploration. This great adventure originated three and a half centuries ago, inside the head of an audacious man: Johannes Kepler, Imperial Mathematician to the Hapsburg Emperor Rudolph II, in the ancient Bohemian capital, Prague.

By the year 1605, Kepler had discovered how the solar system works. For 2,000 years before him, occasional imaginative men (the pioneer among them, as far as we now know, being the Greek astronomer Aristarchos of Samos) had guessed that the Earth was one of a family of planets wheeling about the Sun. However, the governing superstition of that long period said that perfection abode in heaven and that geometrical perfection took the form of a circle. Hence, if Earth was a planet and did turn about the Sun, the path of its movement had to be circular. Since hundreds of years of observation of the courses of the planets through the sky had not enabled a single astronomer to draw a planetary orbit that circled the Sun in one unbroken revolution, an opposite state of things was assumed: i.e., the Sun moved around the Earth.

Though he at first was as tightly bound by the circle as any of his colleagues in science, Kepler gradually gathered courage to break the superstition when it was contradicted by what he saw in his own mind's eye. And what he saw, after poring over successive positions of the planet Mars as the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe had plotted them with unprecedented precision for twenty years, was this: While the orbit of Mars could not be fitted into a circle, it did form an ellipse. Kepler saw, furthermore, that he could draw a set of ellipses around the Sun, and, by assuming that these were traversed at speeds which rose with approach toward the Sun and fell with departure from it, he could explain the behavior of all the planets.

THESE natural laws which Kepler in the Seventeenth Century found to govern planetary motion are the laws that Twentieth Century astronomers use to put Earth satellites and artificial planets of the Sun into orbit.

All the foregoing being true, why is the heliocentric theory which defines our present understanding of the solar system called the Copernican Theory? Why is it not called the Keplerian Theory? Historians of science recognize that Nicholas Copernicus, the Polish cleric whose name has distinguished the theory since 1543, postulated a circular system that didn't work. Why should his memory be honored at the expense of Kepler's name?

The reasons are complex. One is that Kepler advertised himself throughout his life as a disciple of Copernicus. Another is that Kepler might have missed the significance of the ellipse if he had not begun his calculations by accepting the Copernican argument that the Sun, not the Earth, was the central object of man's environment. Scholars alone may be competent to weigh these influences and decide their relative worth. But there is still another reason for Kepler's comparative obscurity in the history books, a reason encrusted with prejudice: the arrest, imprisonment and trial of his mother on charges that she was a witch.

THIS tragedy of the Kepler family is as meaningful an episode in the history of science's impact on human affairs as is Giordano Bruno's expiation at the stake for his insistence on an infinite universe, or Galileo Galilei's trial as a heretic for teaching that the Earth is a satellite of the Sun. Yet the details have never been dug out and pieced together into one consecutive narrative.

The only science historian of modern times who has even approached the story as a story is Professor Marjorie Nicolson of Columbia University. Her account of the affair was first read before the Philological Association of

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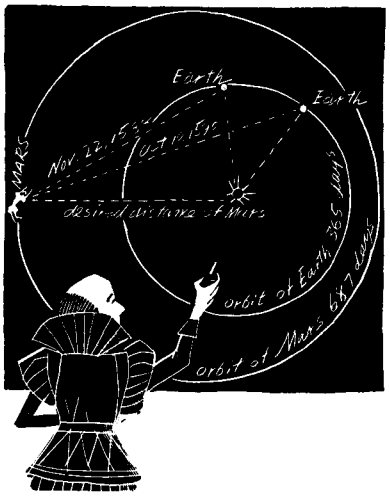
Johns Hopkins University and subsequently published in *The Journal of the History of Ideas* in 1940 under the title, "Kepler, the Somnium, and John Donne." Still considered the definitive study by the few who know anything at all about the matter, this document is now in print in three collections of essays on the literature of science: "Voyages to the Moon" (Macmillan, 1948); "Science and Imagination" (Cornell University Press, 1956) and "Roots of Scientific Thought" (Basic Books, 1957).

Professor Nicolson's work was unknown to me when I first became aware of Kepler's "Somnium," the key to his mother's trial, three years ago. "Somnium" is Latin for "Dream," and it was in Latin that the manuscript originally was published in 1634, four years after Kepler's death. My interest in the work was aroused by a passing reference to it in Rudolph Thiel's book, "Let There Be Light" (Alfred A. Knopf), excerpted in SR/Research for December 1957.

The fragment quoted in that book led me to search for Kepler's complete text. First I found the Latin of 1634, then a German translation of 1898, then a truncated English version of 1950, then Professor Nicolson's quotations in English from the Latin original, then a full English translation undertaken as a master's thesis and filed in the Carpenter Library of Columbia University by one of Professor Nicolson's students, Joseph Lane. Finally I asked Mrs. Patricia Kirkwood, of Ithaca, N.Y., to make an entirely new translation from the Latin for me, and this has turned out to be quite distinctive at several critical points. By reading it in conjunction with Dr. C. Doris Hellman's excellent recent English translation of German historian Max Caspar's biography of Kepler ("Kepler," Abelard-Schuman, $7.50), I have discovered a pattern which explains Kepler's mother's ordeal in convincing detail for the first time.

TO get the story straight, it is necessary to begin with a piece of information passed over by Professor Nicolson. Why did Kepler write the "Somnium"?

Many surviving letters tell us how determined Kepler was to have everyone around him understand the grand scheme of things he had discovered. He spent years in writing a "Copernican Handbook" that would be, as he visioned it to one correspondent, "suitable, so to speak, for the benches of elementary schools." Even that was not enough; he had to try to reach the illiterate majority who never got to school. "As long as the multitude does not err," he wrote, "I want to be on the



side of the many. Therefore, I take great pains to explain to as many people as possible." To hold the attention of restless, untrained minds, he resorted to entertainment in an allegory about an imaginary trip to the Moon.

WHY the Moon? Because, for ordinary people of that day, the most difficult obstacle to acceptance of the notion of Earth's turning about the Sun was the apparent evidence of their own eyes that Earth did not revolve. If it did move, wouldn't they be thrown flat on their faces or off into the sky? Kepler answered this natural question with an oversimplification which he thought was within the reach of his audience. Since everyone on Earth could see that the Moon moves around the Earth, while no one could see or feel the Earth's own movement, he reasoned that if he could take people vicariously to the Moon they there could watch the Earth turning.

Writers of earlier days had "dreamed" of going to the Moon, and Kepler followed their precedent. In the opening sentence of the "Somnium" he set his stage in 1608, the year he sent his study of the orbit of Mars—containing the first two of the three planetary laws—to the printer.

Professor Nicolson has noted several ways in which the "Somnium" is a thinly veiled autobiography of Kepler. I shall here interpolate others.

The tale begins in the first person, and relates how Kepler falls asleep and dreams of buying a book. In the book he reads of a herb-doctor named Fiolxhildis, who has a son called Duracotas. Duracotas is thus Kepler himself, for his real mother, Katharina, was a herb-doctor.

In the book he dreams of reading, Kepler causes his mother to forget his father's name, which she might have been quite happy to do because of the repeated desertions she had suffered during her marriage. Her impatience to push her son Johannes into the working world when he wanted only to stuff his head with knowledge is symbolized in the dream by Fiolxhildis' sale of Duracotas to a ship captain as a forfeit for some promised but undelivered herbal charms. And Johannes' exile by the Catholic Church into the waiting arms of astronomer Tycho Brahe is symbolized by Duracotas' arrival at Brahe's observatory through the intervention of an unexpected change in the wind after the ship captain takes Duracotas to sea. Duracotas becomes a protege of Brahe in the study of astronomy, just as Kepler himself did in real life.

All this is prelude to the crisis. Duracotas returns home from Brahe's haven (even as Kepler had done) and rejoins his mother. She takes him to a lonely roadside and there, after confiding to him her lifelong friendship with a company of nine spirits, puts twenty-one letters of the alphabet into a mumbo-jumbo code and summons a Daemon to advise her son on Moon voyaging.

We now know, from one of the footnotes Kepler appended to the "Somnium" many years afterward, that the name Daemon is a pun. Its obvious otherwordly meaning was intended to provide a fillip for the superstitious, much as Kepler's English contemporary, Will Shakespeare, used witches to create a creepy setting for Macbeth. The deeper second meaning of Daemon lay in its Greek derivation, from the verb "to know." In other words, the Moon-travel guide Fiolxhildis chose for her son was the spirit of knowledge.

THIS is the most remarkable aspect of the "Somnium." The people in Keppler's dream reached the Moon without benefit of a vehicle. There was no adequate spaceship technology at the time, and Kepler was too faithful a scientist to invent something unworkable. The travel arrangements were left entirely in the hands of learning.

Professor Nicolson ignores this point in her analysis of the "Somnium." I consider it of great importance both to the history of literature and to the history of science. For this one fact makes the "Somnium" the only pure research report that has ever been written as entertainment for a popular audience. In a book-length treatment of the subject now being prepared for publication, I examine the space travel theories expounded by Kepler in this repeatedly misconstrued manuscript, which suggests with uncanny accuracy what the behavior of man's first Moon-rocket would be 350 years after the "Somnium" was written. But those details are irrelevant here. It is enough to note

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that Kepler's Seventeenth Century readers missed the hidden Greek meaning of Daemon and came away with the impression that The Devil did the bidding of Kepler's mother.

It is easy to see how this impression, once established, could lead to the trial of Kepler's mother for witchcraft.

But how did the impression come within striking distance of her?

Kepler tells us, in another of his footnotes, that he conceived the "Somnium" in 1605 and wrote it in 1609, the same year in which his study of Mars appeared in print. He was then living at the Hapsburg Court in Prague. His mother was living hundreds of miles away, in the German duchy of Württemberg, the land of Johannes' birth.

If the original of the "Somnium" had not gone to Württemberg, there might never have been trouble. Why had Kepler sent it there?

The only surviving hint we have from Kepler's own hand is an otherwise inscrutable passage among the "Somnium" footnotes. In it Kepler juxtaposes two seemingly unrelated ideas. The first idea is a suspicion that "the author of that impudent satire, 'The Conclave of Ignatius,' " had got hold of a copy of the "Somnium" before "The Conclave" was written. The second idea is the belief that if Kepler had kept the "Somnium" locked up in his mind his mother's tragedy would have been averted.

Why were these two ideas presented together and in that sequence? Because they represented an accurate chronology of real events? If Professor Nicolson considered such a possibility, she rejected it, for she expressed the opinion that "the two first sentences in Kepler's remarkable note . . . have nothing to do with the biographical facts." I find it possible to disagree with her conclusion on this point without departing from the impressive circumstantial evidence she assembled in support of the proposition that a long-hand copy of the "Somnium" reached England a short time after the original manuscript was written.

Kepler had been exchanging letters with the British astronomer, Thomas Hariot, since October 1606. The courier of these dispatches, John Ericksen, was in Prague, on a trip from London, in September 1609, at the very moment when Kepler would have been most excited about the "Somnium." For it was during the summer of that year that the Imperial Mathematician had agreed to write out the Moon-dream (he had been playing with a vague idea since student days at Tübingen University in 1593) for Emperor Rudolph's ecclesiastical arbiter, Johannes Mathias Wackher von Wackenfels.

If anyone could appreciate the message of the "Somnium," Professor Nicolson suggested, astronomer Hariot was the man. And Hariot's scientaster friend, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was in turn a friend of John Donne, the irreverent Reverend who wrote "The Conclave of Ignatius."

Anyone who reads Donne's "Conclave" alongside Kepler's "Somnium" is immediately struck by the parallels between the two works. The conclusion is inescapable that the master craftsman of the English tongue wrote a variation on the great German mathematician's theme. It could not be called a plagiarism because Donne added a dimension which is at the same time art and clarity.

Where Kepler in the "Somnium" presented himself as captive of a dream and tried to persuade his audience that the dream was real, Donne began by signaling his readers of an intention to talk with his tongue in his cheek. Donne did not merely dream; he was "in an extasie

"And my little wandring sportful soule
"Ghest, and Companion of my body
"Had liberty to wander through all places."

"ALL the rooms . . . of the heavens" had already been discovered and explored by Kepler and Galileo, Donne reported after his first reconnaissance. So "by the benefit of certaine spectacles, I know not of what making," he looked in the opposite direction. There he saw, first, "the Suburbs of Hel," then "more inward places," and at last "a secret place, where there were not many but Lucifer himselfe to which onely they had title which had so attempted any innovation in this life that they gave an affront to all antiquitie, and induced doubts and anxieties and scruples, and after, a libertie of beleeving what they would." There Lucifer stood revealed in a posture of warding off contenders to his throne.

Among the ambitious company was Copernicus, who "beat the dores and cried: 'Are these shut against me, to whom all the heavens were ever opened, who was a soule to the Earth, and gave it motion?' " But Ignatius Loyola was a competing candidate, and he squashed Copernicus' chances by pointing out that the Pope had not yet issued a decree "by which it may be defined as a matter of faith: *That the Earth doth not move.*"

As Donne gleefully imagined the performance, Ignatius eliminated one rival after another until Lucifer became afraid of him and proposed the establishment of a "lunatique" church on the Moon with a hell of its own for Ignatius to boss. Before Lucifer had time to dispose of Ignatius' appeal from this transfer, Donne "returned to my body, which was, with this returne of my soule, sufficiently refreshed."

The original Latin version of "The Conclave of Ignatius" was entered in the Stationer's Register in London on 24 January 1611. An English translation followed on 18 May 1611. Whatever the avenue of communication of Kepler's "Somnium" to Donne, it must have been equally open for transmission of Donne's satire to Kepler.

ALTHOUGH the mathematical genius in Prague was unusually generous in sharing his discoveries, he did possess the pride in priority of publication that is common to most scientists. Besides, he fancied himself as a bit of a poet. What would have been more natural for him, then, upon reading Donne's witty performance, to somehow make known to his fellow scholars his own earlier effort in the same direction? And what place would have been more fitting to receive the news first than Tübingen, where the whole lunar idea had gestated so long before?

Whether this line of speculation leads to the truth or not, we know from his footnotes that Kepler not only read "The Conclave of Ignatius" but accepted it as an offshoot of the "Somnium." In making the excursion to Hell, the scientist noted, Donne has only to pass through a natural gateway opened by Kepler's manuscript: the cone of the Icelandic volcano Hecla, scene of Fiolxhildis' allegorical wanderings. The footnotes also tell us that Kepler sent the "Somnium" to Tübingen via Leipzig in the same year of the "Conclave's" publication, 1611.

According to Kepler, the courier was a Count Volkersdorf, an individual whose identity has never been fitted to any known friend or acquaintance of Kepler's. I wonder whether, in making

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this designation, the Imperial Mathematician might not have been merely indulging in the German love for compound words? By linking *volk* and *dorf*, could he have been quietly and anonymously chiding a fellow townsman for showing the manuscript to the wrong people?

If there was an immediate reaction to the Moon-dream in Tübingen, the record of it is lost. Only a smashing

success or a miserable failure would have registered in Kepler's mind just then, for he was numb with grief. The forced abdication of his royal patron, the Emperor Rudolph, had been swiftly followed by the death of the mathematician's favorite son, Friedrich, from smallpox imported by the troops of Rudolph's usurper, Matthias. Loss of the boy drove his mother, Johannes' first wife, Barbara, into madness and then into the grave. When the deposed Emperor died a few months later, Kepler had but one solace: freedom to keep the title of Imperial Mathematician (useful as a credential in claiming back pay) and accept the post of Provincial Mathematician in the sleepy Austrian town of Linz.

Kepler was barely settled in Linz with his second wife, Susanna, before new woes beset him. The Lutheran pastor in the town refused to allow the devout scientist to share in the Holy Communion.

IT was thus a spiritually bruised, emotionally bleeding Kepler who opened a letter from his sister, Margarete, and read the news that his mother had been charged with witchcraft and that rumormongers were implicating him in her supposed practice of black magic.

The date was 29 September 1615. Six years had passed since the writing of the "Somnium," four years since the courier had taken a copy of the script to Tübingen. There was no reason to suspect a connection between the Moon-dream and his mother's predicament. And Kepler suspected none. At least five more years went by before he understood enough of what happened to put it onto paper. Then, among the footnotes he added to the "Somnium" text, he wrote these bitter sentences:

"My friends, who have some knowledge of my affairs, know the fate this piece of writing brought to me and mine. . . . You would think a spark had fallen on dry wood, so swiftly were my words seized upon by dark minds which suspect everything else of being dark. . . . Even in the barbershops (as though the name of my Fiolxhildis were particularly ominous to the people there because of their occupation) my little tale became the subject of gossip. . . . There issued forth slanderous talk about me, which, taken up by foolish minds, blazed into rumor, fanned by ignorance and superstition."

Although he used the plural, *barbershops,* it has since been established, from old court records in Stuttgart, that *only one barbershop* was involved The identity of this shop does not emerge for a casual reader of Dr. Hellman's new English translation of Max Caspar's life of Kepler, but anyone familiar with the general outline of the story and on the lookout for details can see it clearly. The place was located in Tübingen. Its proprietor was Urban Krautlin, barber to Duke Johann Friedrich of Württemberg (whose descendant, Prince Charles, is to be married this month of August 1960 before royal guests who snubbed the wedding of England's Princess Margaret). As Kepler's reference to Fiolxhildis' occupation insinuates, barbers in those days were also minor surgeons, knowledgeable in the prescription of natural drugs.

Just when barber Krautlin first heard of Kepler's Moon-dream is not clear. But according to the narrative line recited by Caspar it must have happened before the barber accompanied the Duke's son, Achilles, on a hunting trip into the neighborhood of Leonberg, Katharina Kepler's home town. In Leonberg the barber stopped to visit his sister, Ursula, wife of Jacob Reinbold, the town glazier.

Ursula had been a crony of Katharina's for many years, but the friendship had recently soured. The reason was that Ursula, unknown to her brother the barber, had become pregnant through relationship with a man other than her husband and had undergone an abortion to escape scandal. She had confided in Katharina, and Katharina had tattled to Johannes' younger brother, Christoph, a tinsmith's apprentice who exercised his lungs as drill sergeant of the Leonberg town guard. Christoph sounded off in public about Ursula's indiscretion and his mother foolishly cackled confirmation. To cover up the truth, Ursula attributed her momentary debility to an evil spell and blamed Katharina Kepler for casting the spell.

The barber first heard his sister's tale in the midst of a drinking bout with her and her husband and the Leonberg Magistrate, Luther Einhorn. In a sodden brain her accusation would have fit perfectly with the summoning of the Daemon in Kepler's "Somnium." Magistrate Einhorn already had a grudge against the Kepler family. He had wooed Johannes' sister, Margarete, and he had been humiliated in the eyes of the whole town by her preference for the Lutheran preacher, George Binder.

While the night's libations were still in charge of their faculties, the vengeful Ursula, her credulous husband, her vindictive brother the barber, and the jealous judge summoned Katharina Kepler to the Leonberg town hall. There the Duke's barber melodramatically drew his sword, poised its point on Katharina's scrawny breast, and threatened death on the spot unless the old woman would say the magic words to make his sister well again.

If Katharina had possessed common sense to match her temper, she might have realized, by her escape from this ordeal unharmed after a simple denial of magical powers, that no participant in the brawl would have welcomed even a clear memory of it next day. But, being a confirmed brawler in her

own right, Katharina made the affair public by suing her estranged friend Ursula for slander.

Katharina's case was hopeless from the start. The livelihood of the Duke's barber would hardly survive official recording of his threat against the life of an innocent woman. Nor could the Magistrate afford to be formally associated with the drumhead court procedure he had in fact condoned. Ursula

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was safe as long as she kept stirring the witch's brew against Katharina.

Ursula's assignment was not difficult. The atmosphere she lived in did half the job. Caspar points out that Germany was engulfed in a mass madness the like of which would not be felt again for three and a quarter centuries. A fear of witches was everywhere. Catholics and Protestants alike, people of noble birth and good education along with ignorant peasantry, fell prey to a prevalence of spells. Accidents to men and animals were traced to instructions passed up from the nether regions by word of mouth. Innocent acts became vicious conspiracies. Anything unusual seemed mysterious, and even the usual was twisted into something devilish bizarre. Kepler's native region of Weil der Stadt, populated by no more than a few hundred families, condemned thirty-eight women to death for exercise of extraordinary powers during the years 1615 to 1629. In the town of Leonberg six were burned as witches within a few months at the 1615-1616 year-end.

THE drunken confrontation of Katharina in the Leonberg town hall took place in August 1615, at the start of that era of terror. Tongues began to wag in ominous tune. Hadn't old Katharina been reared by a female kinswoman executed for witchery? Here was a question for the gossips to chew

and spew. The right answer would explain many strange events. Katharina's request to the sexton of the Eltingen churchyard for her father's skull, for instance, and her withdrawal of the request when she was told he'd first have to get approval from the local authorities. What was the business about her wanting to set the skull in silver to serve her son Johannes as a goblet? What sort of ceremonial drink would such a goblet grace? And the tale that Katharina's vagrant son, Heinrich, told about his mother riding a calf to death and then feeding Heinrich a veal chop from the unlucky animal—surely the woman knew quieter ways of killing a beef!

THE invisible net of suspicion around the Imperial Mathematician's meddlesome parent spun steadily tighter as she gadded about the streets in the restless nosiness of her declining years. Beutelspacher, the lame schoolmaster, vividly recalled that his disability had followed a drink he had taken from a tin cup at Katharina's house one night while he was reading one of Johannes' letters to her ten years before. Another neighbor, Bastian Meyers, remembered that his wife had withered and died after a draught from the same tin cup.

The wife of the butcher, Christoph Frick, swore that one of her husband's thighs was stabbed with pain when Katharina passed. Katharina walked on, but the pain remained until Frick mumbled to himself in church, "Katharina, help me, for God's sake!" He hadn't noticed Katharina's presence at the service. She sat too far away from him to hear what he said. Nevertheless, she turned and looked in the butcher's direction after he uttered the words. Thereupon the pain "blew away."

Daniel Schmid, the tailor, held Katharina responsible for the deaths of his two children; time after time she had entered his house uninvited and had said incantations over their cradles; the dreadful part of it was that she seemed to be blessing them. Katharina had given Schmid's wife some words to speak in the graveyard in the light of the full moon, and Schmid's wife had spoken the words, but the children had died anyhow. The words obviously weren't the right words, and Katharina knew it.

Cattle tethered in barns in the town stamped in their stalls at night and went mad. No one could think of another reason for this than Katharina's spell. There was no escaping the woman. Why, she could even walk into houses when all the windows were shut and the doors were locked!

As one after another of her fellow townsfolk discovered Katharina's involvement in unhappy aspects of their lives, Ursula Reinbold proved the old woman's complicity in Ursula's own malaise with the help of Jeorg Haller, a day laborer's wife. Mrs. Haller's evidence consisted of measurements of Ursula's head.

Katharina unfortunately accommodated her detractors by continuing her restless rounds of unwanted advice. Worse still, she kept urging her homemade herb remedies upon everyone for every sort of indisposition, always from the now notorious tin cup.

The disputatious crone's position deteriorated steadily from August until December. Only then did her son Christoph, her daughter Margarete, and Margaret's husband, the weak-spined Pastor Binder—all three of whom had joined in putting the fat in the fire with the suit for slander—decide that it might be wise to seek advice and help from Johannes.

In spite of the disgust he must have felt over the family's bungling, in spite of the resentment that would have been a normal and natural reaction to their

disregard of his own position, Kepler responded sympathetically. Perhaps he appreciated that if his mother had lacked the meddlesome quality that kept her in constant trouble, he might not have inherited the curiosity that made him a genius of observation and synthesis. Anyhow, by an incredible act of will, he quietly added her tragedy to the crushing burden already bowing his shoulders.

On 2 January 1616, three days after receiving Margarete's letter, he wrote to the Württemberg officials, demanding documentation of the charges. With thousands of florins still owing to him in back pay as Imperial Mathematician, he could not afford the slightest slur on his reputation. Since there was nothing against him except the "Somnium," he was never again implicated, and his call for evidence might even have extricated his mother if she had been a less contentious body. But she persisted in trying to bring her slander suit against Ursula to trial.

The Duke's barber and the Leonberg Magistrate, of course, continued to use their positions to delay a hearing of Katharina's complaints in court. But there are practical limits to the effectiveness of such political chicanery. Finally, the two men realized that to save themselves they had to weave the superstitious gossip about Katharina's ability to cast spells into a convincing case of witchcraft against her. As a

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witch, she could not be slandered even by the most obvious falsehoods.

The pattern of the web of conspiracy was designed around a child: the twelve-year-old daughter of Haller, the laborer whose wife had measured Ursula Reinbold's head.

The girl had been carrying bricks to a kiln outside the town when Katharina Kepler, on her busybody rounds of the countryside, brushed against the child's arm. Pain set in at once, growing hour by hour until the girl could move neither hand nor fingers. The girl's mother rushed Katharina with a knife, shrieking for restoration of the muscles of her daughter's arm. The Duke's barber reappeared on the scene through some magic peculiar to him, and the Magistrate, after an examination of the girl, pronounced her arm to be "in a witch's grip." Katharina confessed guilt in the eyes of everybody but her son Johannes (even Christoph Kepler and the spouses Binder told the Magistrate they would disown her if Katharina were found guilty of witchcraft) by offering the Magistrate a silver chalice if he would stop the proceedings

This compromising gesture was made late in the year 1616. Only one escape path remained open for Katharina Kepler after that. It led to Johannes and his powerful friends, among them the Wallensteins and the Lichtensteins, in Linz. With Christoph as an escort, she reached Johannes' home on 13 December 1616. Behind her in Leonberg a warrant was issued for her arrest.

As long as the old woman stayed with Johannes, she was safe. But Katharina didn't like Austria. In October 1617 she slipped away from her son and returned to Margarete in the university town of Heumaden. The Imperial Mathematician patiently traced her route of travel and followed her, reading on the way a book written by Galileo's father, "The Dialogue on Ancient and Modern Music." Despite the excruciating tension of his journey, Kepler drew from this book inspiration for his own next work, "Harmony of the Worlds," in which he stated his third law of planetary motion, i.e., the square of the time of one revolution of a planet in its orbit is proportional to the cube of that planet's mean distance from the Sun.

Johannes remained by his mother's side for two months, writing various petitions in her behalf. His only success was to obtain a permit to take her back with him to Linz. She cancelled that out by refusing to go.

For the next two years—the opening years of the Thirty Years War—the warrant for her arrest lay unserved in the Leonberg Magistrate's office. During that period, forty-nine articles of indictment were drawn up, and 280 pages of testimony was taken from two-score witnesses. In the spring of 1620 Kepler wrote from Linz to the Duke of Württemberg asking the right to answer for his mother and clear the family name. The response was an order, issued 24 July 1620, that Katharina Kepler be arrested on sight. And on 7 August of that same year, at the age of seventy-four, she was seized in Margarete's house in the middle of the night and carried out bodily in a linen chest to avoid public outcry. Next day, the Magistrate heard her denial of being a witch, and committed her to prison for a second interrogation before putting her to the torture.

When word came from Margarete about the way Katharina had been lugged from the house in a box in the darkness, Kepler risked capture by the Protestant-hunting troops which then harassed the countryside around Linz in order to return to Württemberg to defend the old woman's life.

On 26 September 1620 he found her shriveled body, the will within still unbroken, in chains in a cold stone room in the town gate of Guglingen. Katharina Kepler was imprisoned there because her confinement in Leonberg would have embarrassed her drill sergeant son, Christoph.

Johannes' appearance had the immediate effect of delaying the trial for six weeks. After retaining a boyhood friend, Christoph Besold, as legal counsel, the great scientist went to work scientifically on the case himself, hunting natural causes for the supposedly supernatural events with which his mother was charged. From Guglingen to Tübingen, from Tübingen to Stuttgart, from Stuttgart to Leonberg, from Leonberg to Guglingen he went, scouring up evidence. Caspar tells some of the findings. Kepler confirmed Ursula Reinbold's abortion. Beutelspacher, the schoolmaster, had been lamed while jumping a ditch. Christoph Frick, the butcher, was afflicted with lumbago. The Haller girl had carried too many bricks at a time, and had numbed her fingers; the blood in her arm had returned to normal circulation even before the Magistrate diagnosed her as a victim of "witch's grip."

The painstaking documentation only irritated Katharina's persecutors. On 28 September 1621 she was led to the torture chamber, where she repeated her previous denials, threw herself on God's mercy and collapsed. After fourteen months of imprisonment, she was freed on 4 October 1621 with this warning: If she ever returned to Leonberg she would be lynched.

Caspar's account of the witchcraft trial ends there. But Olaf Saile, in his romantic life of Kepler ("Troubador of the Stars," Oskar Piest, 1940), quotes from a letter the great mathematician received after his mother's death on 13 April 1622. In this communication Kepler learned that his exposure of the abuses in her arraignment had brought from the Duke of Württemberg a decree forbidding further witchcraft trials without prior sanction of the supreme court in Stuttgart.

"While neither your name nor that of your mother is mentioned in the edict, everybody knows what is at the bottom of it," the lawyer Christoph Besold wrote. "You have rendered an inestimable service to the whole world, and someday your name will be blessed for it."

Actually, Kepler's mother's trial lay like a curse athwart the remainder of his life. It haunted him incessantly. He appended to the "Somnium" one footnote after another for ten years to try to repair the damage circumstance had inflicted on his original purpose. Only after those notes were many times longer than the text of the "Somnium" itself did he attempt to set a new edition in type. Then it was too late. Already a bothersome non-conformist to fellow Lutherans and hostile Catholics alike, he became such an unpredictable personality that those he most wanted to influence would no longer take him seriously. With only a few pages of his dream in print, he died of exposure from riding horseback in cold rain halfway across Germany in vain pursuit of back pay the Hapsburg Empire owed him for the inter-planetary probings of his remarkable mind.

And the scientific treatise that innocently started the trouble, the pure research study through which he hoped to show his fellow men how much more vast and ungovernable their environment was than they supposed, is not even recognized for what it is.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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A PHYSICIANS' REVOLT

Objective: to Free the AMA of Drugmakers

ON May 9, 1960 the Council of LACMA [Los Angeles County Medical Association] accepted the following report of the [LACMA] Sub-Committee on Generic Terms as herein modified.

1. That medical associations encourage physicians to prescribe by using generic (official) terms.

2. That the Council on Drugs [of the American Medical Association] shall devise and make official a generic name for all drugs to be included in New and Nonofficial Drugs or to be submitted for advertising in the various publications of the AMA, and that said Council of the AMA shall have full and sole responsibility for devising such generic names.

3. It is the recommendation of the Council of LACMA that official drug names should be in the simplest possible form, should consist of not more than three or four syllables, and not attempt to cover the chemical description of the compound named. Insulin, morphine, digitoxin are samples of useful "official" names.

4. It is urged that AMA and its constituent state societies encourage the testing of drugs by appropriate Federal and State authorities for the purpose of insuring the potency and purity of drugs.

5. We hereby transmit the above matters to the appropriate committees of the CMA and AMA for study and action.

The Committee on Generic Terms also requested that a campaign of education be undertaken by the [Los Angeles County Medical] Association and that such be published in the Bulletin of the Association.

At the request of Dr. Arthur Kirchner, a member of the Committee, a letter was sent to the eighty-six medical schools in the U.S.A. (the American University of Beirut was included by the staff). There was a surprising and brisk response netting eighty out of a possible eighty-six in less than three weeks! Each Department of Pharmacology was asked the following two questions:

Do you teach the prescription of drugs by generic terms?

Do you favor the continuation of this practice?

Every one of the eighty schools replying taught generic terminology in their pharmacology courses. Sixty-four indicated that they taught only generic terminology. Only three schools taught both generic and proprietary names. In ten schools proprietary names were given "necessarily," "often," or when a drug was protected by patent and only one trade name was used.

Ten of the schools replying volunteered their dissatisfaction with the recent crop of generic terms, characterizing them as "unpronounceable," "complicated," "complex and unpronounceable," lacking in "brevity and euphony," etc. One school wrote that the *U.S. Pharmacopeia* group seems to feel they are handicapped by outside influences in coining simple generic names.

The response from the medical schools was enthusiastically in support of the use of generic terms and their simplification. Without further comment one may justly interpret the replies of eighty of eighty-six medical schools as representing the basic teaching of pharmacology in the United States.

THUS the use of generic terms represents what is being taught in our medical schools and what we, already in practice, have been taught. It also represented the thinking of the AMA Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry up to and including 1955 when in the "Official Rules" the following is to be found: "Advantages of generic terms —The interests of the patient and physician are served best by adoption of an abbreviated scientific name for general use in prescribing, naming and identifying agents with unwieldy chemical names. The council believes that the use of generic names in the place of trade names for prescribing tends to diminish confusion and the difficulties in learning a multiplicity of names for the same drug. To encourage the use of the generic name, which is freely available to all, the Council requires that generic or official designation of a drug be displayed adequately and not subordinated unduly to the brand name in labels, labelling and advertising." Thus the medical schools, the LACMA and undoubtedly many others agree, in 1960, with the philosophy of the AMA as expressed in 1955.

IN 1956 the AMA Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry radically revised its rules, closed its laboratory for the testing of drugs, completely changed its method of accepting drugs for inclusion in New and Non-official Remedies, dropped the Seal of Approval and no longer emphasized the importance of the generic term. The following statement is to be found in the NNR from 1956 to the present time:

"The Council encourages the early adoption of a non-proprietary name for general use in identifying each drug. The Council believes that such names tend to diminish confusion. Each drug evaluated is described by a non-proprietary name; however, the Council recognizes the usefulness of the trademark for the physician who wishes to prescribe, or refer to, some particular brand."

At the clinical session of the AMA in December 1959, the House of Delegates approved the following from the reference committee on insurance and medical services:

(Excerpt) "Physicians might well have consideration to prescribing by generic rather than trade names; they might seek knowledge of the relative costs of comparable drugs and they might give consideration to the more frequent use of accepted drug prod-

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There has been little publicity on the Los Angeles resolution here reproduced. But physicians attached to medical schools know of it and are seeking endorsement of it by their own county medical societies. One practical motive for their interest is an official report that the state of California cut drug costs of its welfare outpatients by 70 percent during the last half of 1959 (as compared to 1958) by using generic names instead of trade names in the prescription of drugs.*

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ucts of reasonable cost in the treatment of welfare patients."

Yea, truly it may be said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" (Matthew VI 3.) . . . .

At this same meeting of the House of Delegates, the Council of Medical Service, under the chairmanship of Dr. J. Lafe Ludwig noted that "the AMA is on record as supporting adequate quality care for these needy persons."

We agree with Dr. Ludwig's committee. It is our proud claim that indigent patients receive the finest medical care. This being so, and generically termed drugs being good enough for them, it means that we must be consistent and demand useful generic terms for all of our patients' drugs.

But how are we to get useful, simple, pronounceable, easily remembered generic terms? In a letter dated May 17, 1960, the [AMA] Council on Drugs informed us that it had asked the *U. S. Pharmacopeia* to take over this important program. At the same time, Frank C. Ferguson, Jr., M.D., Albany Medical College wrote:

"The Council on Drugs began a downward path some years ago when they abandoned all evaluation of therapy and dropped the Seal of Acceptance program. The Council has caused most of the present abuses of generic terminology by voluntarily adopting the policy that generic terms must be originated by and acceptable to the sponsoring drug company. This then put generic terminology in the hands of the very people who have the most to gain by avoiding use of generic terms. A company could achieve this goal by developing unusable names and the simplest way to do this is by subscribing to the fetish that generic names should be based upon chemical names (which is completely valueless to everyone, including chemists).

"Thus, in recent years new drugs have invariably had ridiculous names, in place of such arbitrary but perfectly usable old generic names as insulin, morphine, digitoxin, and the like. At any rate the problem will soon be more complicated. It has recently been announced that the Council will this summer cease all activities connected with assigning of generic names. There will then be a complete void, for to my knowledge there is no agency with facilities and the will to assume this job."

Dr. Ferguson urges that we insist on simpler terminology and place the burden again on the Council, or the *U.S. Pharmacopeia* or the Food and Drug Administration. These are harsh words but perhaps what we need. Your Committee would support the resumption of this task by the AMA Council on Drugs, and the support of that Council by all members of the AMA.

IN THE midst of all of the present hullaballoo about the costs of medical care, where does the AMA stand? The Council on Drugs and the House of Delegates seem to have taken opposing sides. News releases in the AMA journal and in the AMA News have quoted spokesmen for the drug industry and headlined their opposition to generic terms. One of these, and I believe the only M.D. cited, is Austin Smith, until recently editor of the JAMA but now president of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association. The others were a director of the *U.S. Pharmacopeia,* the executive vice president of the National Pharmaceutical Council, and two deans of schools of pharmacy. I am unaware of any news items favoring generic terms in these [AMA] publications and I have not seen any opinions expressed by practicing physicians or by members of the Council on Drugs. One may ask why the AMA did not inquire from the medical schools as to their teaching. Dr. Louis Goodman, the eminent pharmacologist from the University of Utah, co-author of the foremost text in his field, and a member of the Council on Drugs, has written to us that he teaches generic terms but also uses "common trade names where the drug is dispensed only by trade name due to lack of competition." He favors continued teaching of generic terms "Provided the terms do not get too complex and unpronounceable."

Now, why is it important for the AMA to take a stand on this vital problem? We know that the costs of medical care include, in addition to doctors' fees, the costs of hospitalization and drugs. Any blanket criticism of the costs of medical care will include the physician. Shall we accept the responsibility for all of these costs, even defend them, or shall we attempt by rational means to control some of these costs?

• • •

We have no intention of telling the drug industry how to conduct its business. On the other hand, we have the right and duty to practice as we teach. We urge the use of generic terms. We desire simple generic terms, not pseudo-scientific gibberish. We deserve for drugs the same sort of inspection which is given the meat the butcher dispenses.

—EDGAR F. MAUER, M.D.,
Chairman,
Subcommittee on Generic Terms.

The Truth About Drug Trademarks

IT IS necessary to explain in detail the difference between brand names in the pharmaceutical industry and brand names in most other industries. It appears that many are not aware of the difference and its significance. . . .

Let us compare pharmaceutical brand names to brand names of most food products. Some typical brand names of food products are Heinz, Beechnut, Quaker, Del Monte, Libby, Campbell's, etc. These brand names are used in an adjectival sense to modify the common name of a product. Thus, the usual name, Heinz beans, tells the customer two things: what the can contains, and who made it. There are many makers of canned beans. All use their brand name in an adjectival sense, and all have the common noun 'beans' prominently displayed on their labels.

The pharmaceutical industry does things differently. They use two sets of brand names. The one set consists of the name of the company, such as Lederle, Pfizer, Ciba, etc. In addition they add a second brand name by inventing a new name for the product and registering it as a private trademark. Examples are Diamox, Gantrism, etc. This second brand name causes confusion because it is used as the name of the product.

To understand fully the extent of the confusion caused by this usage, let us consider what would happen if drug manufacturers took over the manufacture of baked beans. They would all stop using the word 'beans' and each would give the product a new, coined name. Some might use anagrams of beans, like Sneabs, or Nabes, and others might call them Lo Cals, or Hi Pros. Picture the confusion in the grocery store if beans were no longer named beans, but if each maker gave a completely new name to his product. Further, try to imagine what would happen if there were 300 to 500 additional new names of this type in the grocery store every year.

This is approximately what is happening in medicine, and it is becoming exceedingly difficult for physicians to keep things clear.

—DR. SOLOMON GARB,
Associate Professor of Pharmacology,
Albany Medical School,
testifying at the drug hearings
of the U.S. Senate.

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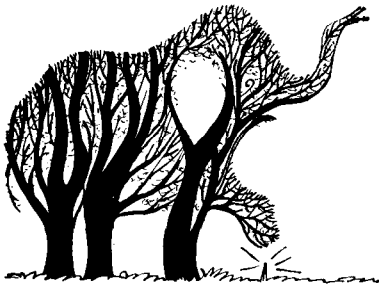
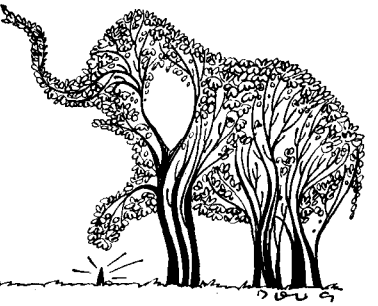
SCIENCE IN BOOKS



"OUCH!"

A Distress Signal



'OUCH' is a one-word sentence which a man may volunteer from time to time by way of laconic comment on the passing show. The correct occasions of its use are those attended by painful stimulation. Such use of the word, like the correct use of language generally, is inculcated in the individual by training on the part of society; and society achieves this despite not sharing the individual's pain. Society's method is in principle that of rewarding the utterance of 'Ouch' when the speaker shows some further evidence of sudden discomfort, say a wince, or is actually seen to suffer violence, and of penalizing the utterance of 'Ouch' when the speaker is visibly untouched.

For the man who has learned his language lesson, some of the stimuli evocative of 'Ouch' may be publicly visible blows and slashes, while others are hidden from the public eye in the depths of his bowels. Society, acting solely on overt manifestations, has been able to train the individual to say the socially proper thing in response even to socially undetectable stimulations. The trick has depended on prior concomitances between covert stimulation and overt behavior.

We can imagine a primitive use of 'red' as a one-word sentence somewhat on a par with 'Ouch'. Just as 'Ouch' is the appropriate remark on the occasion of painful stimulation, so 'red', under the usage which I am now imagining, is the appropriate remark on the occasion of those distinctive photochemical effects which are wrought in one's retina by the impact of red light. This time society's method of training consists in rewarding the utterance of 'red' when the individual is seen looking at something red, and penalizing it when he is seen looking at something else.

Actually the uses of 'red' are less simple. Commonly 'red', unlike 'ouch', turns up as a fragment of longer sentences. Moreover, even when 'red' is used by itself as a one-word sentence, what evolves it is usually not the mere apprehension of something red; more commonly there has been a verbal stimulus, in the form of a question. But let us keep for a moment to the fictitious usage described in the preceding paragraph.

The critic, society's agent, approves the subject's utterance of 'red' by observing the subject and his viewed object and finding the latter red. In part, therefore, the critic's cue is red irradiation of his own retina. A partial symmetry obtains between the subject's cue for utterance and the critic's cue for approval in the case of 'red', which, happily for the critic, was lacking in the case of 'Ouch'. The partial symmetry in the one case, and the lack of it in the other, suggest a certain superficial sense in which 'Ouch' may be spoken of as more subjective in reference than 'red'; 'red' more objective than 'Ouch'.

Expections are possible on either side. If the critic and the subject are fighting a fire and are scorched by the same sudden gust, then the critic's approval of the subject's 'Ouch' does not differ significantly from the imagined case of 'red'. Conversely, a critic may approve a subject's 'red' on indirect evidence, failing to glimpse the object himself. If we call 'Ouch' more subjective than 'red', we must be taken as alluding thereby only to the most characteristic learning situations. In the case of 'red', typically one's mentor or critic sees red; in the case of 'Ouch', he does not get hurt.

'Ouch' is not independent of social training. One has only to prick a foreigner to appreciate that 'Ouch' is an English word. But in its subjectivity it is a little unusual. Words being social tools, objectivity counts toward their survival. When a word has considerable currency despite the subjective twist, it may be expected, like the pronouns 'I' and 'you', to have a valuable social function of some exceptional sort. The survival value of 'Ouch', from a social point of view, is as a distress signal. And the word is of only marginal linguistic status, after all, being incapable of integration into longer sentences.

In general, if a term is to be learned by induction from observed instances where it is applied, the instances have to resemble one another in two ways: they have to be enough alike from the learner's point of view, from occasion to occasion, to afford him a basis of similarity to generalize upon, and they have to be enough alike from simultaneous distinct points of view to enable the teacher and learner to share the appropriate occasions.

THE uniformity that unites us in communication and belief is a uniformity of resultant patterns overlying a chaotic subjective diversity of connections between words and experience. Uniformity comes where it matters socially, hence rather in point of intersubjectively conspicuous circumstances of utterance than in point of privately conspicuous ones.

For an extreme illustration of the point, consider two men, one of whom has normal color vision and the other of whom is color-blind as between red and green. Society has trained both men by the method noted earlier: rewarding the utterance of 'red' when the speaker is seen fixating something red, and penalizing it in the contrary case. Moreover, the gross socially observable results are about alike: both men are pretty good about attributing 'red' to just the red things. But the private mechanisms by which the two men achieve these similar results are very different. The one man has learned 'red' in association with the regulation photochemical effect. The other man has painfully learned to be stimulated to 'red' by light in various wavelengths (red and green) in company with elaborate special combinations of supplementary conditions of intensity, saturation, shape and setting, calculated e.g. to admit fire and sunsets and to exclude grass; to admit blossoms and exclude leaves; to admit lobsters only after boiling.

Different persons growing up in the same language are like different bushes trimmed and trained to take the shape of identical elephants. The anatomical details of twigs and branches will fulfill the elephantine form differently from bush to bush, but the overall outward results are alike.

—Willard Van Orman Quine,
in "Word and Object,"
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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LIII

ANTARCTIC COLD, HOW OLD? RIDDLE FOR A ROCK-FRY.

Dr. Edward J. Zeller, Geology Prof. at Kansas U., Cooks Frozen Stones; They Light Up and Tell

—U. of Kansas.

Dr. Edward J. Zeller.

—LAWRENCE, KAN.

ONCE upon a time, millions of years ago, Antarctica was a balmy, even tropical place. Then the climate changed, locking the remains of lush plant and animal growth in the form of fossils and vast coal beds. Wandering, wondering man would like to know more about such changes. One of the wondering wanderers, whose research has taken him many thousands of miles over the planet, is currently running down clues with the almost fanatic fervor of a super-Sherlock Holmes. Using methods that Holmes never heard of, he is trying to find out, specifically, when the climate down at the south tip of the Earth turned cold.

"When," of course, is a point in time that can only be located by measuring time. And this particular investigator, Dr. Edward J. Zeller, of the University of Kansas—a Ph.D. from Peoria, Illinois by way of the University of Wisconsin—says his task would be easier if he could count tree rings. Even the carbon 14 method of isotopic dating (which isn't exactly simple) wouldn't help him. With it, he could go back only 30,000 to 40,000 years, a mere moment in a geological era.

"I've had to find new kinds of clocks," Dr. Zeller says. "My clocks are in the rocks." The rocks have to be cold rocks, the coldest he can dig up. In the deep freeze refrigerator of his laboratory here he has preserved specimens from two journeys to Antarctica, last year and the year before last. This fall he plans to return for more and colder rocks.

The need for colder stones is due to the fact that Dr. Zeller's method of telling time has not yet been perfected. He has many problems to work out. Being much younger than the rocks—he is 34, and more nearly resembles a student than an associate professor of geochemistry and nuclear geology—he figures his personal calendar will carry him through. Helping him along, to the extent of $70,000 a year, are the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Science Foundation.

A wiry, brown-eyed man with a lively cricket-quick manner, Dr. Zeller enjoys demonstrating, for visitors to his laboratory, the basic principle of telling time by the rocks. From a small cardboard package he shakes a few dime-sized bits of marble flakes—calcium carbonate. He goes to a window and pulls down the shade. The visitor notices a chunk of watermelon on the window ledge. Dessert for Dr. Zeller's lunch, perhaps? No. It's for the pet iguana over there. The iguana, munching a lettuce leaf, ignores the introduction. In the now darkened room, Dr. Zeller puts the marble chips on an electric hot plate. Soon they are glowing a dull red. They are not red-hot, he explains; the glow is from stored light.

After a few minutes, the red glow in the warmed chips dims gradually, finally vanishes. The hot plate has not been turned off, but the chips now look cold. Dr. Zeller says the stored light has been "drained off."

Raising the window shade, he volunteers to show how the chips can be recharged, so to speak, with a fresh supply of light. After flipping them, still warm, from one hand to another to allow them to cool, he puts them in a small glass bottle and slips the bottle into a slim aluminum cylinder. Out of the laboratory he goes, trailing the visitor behind, down the hall, out a back door of the geology building to a squatty concrete blockhouse. On the door of this place is a sign warning of danger of high radiation.

Unlocking the door—"Come on in; it's perfectly safe"—Dr. Zeller appends an historical footnote to his demonstration. A glow similar to that of the marble chips, he recalls, was noticed by the British scientist, Robert Boyle, in 1663, when he warmed some diamonds. More recently, the phenomenon impressed thorium miners, who probably attributed it to spooks, when a chunk of ore was warmed near a campfire. Anyway, the glow was given a name that will never captivate headline writers: thermoluminescence.

Inside the blockhouse is a plugged-up well thickly walled with lead and concrete. The professor touches an electric switch, and a motor-driven hoist lifts out the plug. Having previously fastened the aluminum cylinder to a end of fishing line at the end of a plain bamboo pole, Dr. Zeller lowers the cylinder twelve feet down on the fishing line, guided by a mirror held aslant on the ceiling. In the mirror he can see, on the well's bottom, a six-inch tube, an inch in diameter, which contains cobalt 60, a radioactive isotope that pours out energy at the rate of 220,000 roentgens per hour.

Fifteen minutes later, Dr. Zeller draws out his fishing line and plugs up the well again. He opens the aluminum cylinder. Inside it the formerly water-clear glass vial containing the marble chips is now a smoky gray.

Back in his laboratory, Dr. Zeller again deposits the marble chips on the hot plate. This time they turn a fiery red. The scientist explains that they now have more light stored in them than before.

IT IS by this time plain that the young professor's rock-clock runs on nuclear energy. The light comes from atoms in the stones. Uranium and thorium, widely distributed in the crust of the Earth, discharge enough alpha particles, down through the centuries, to alter the crystalline structure of the stone. Occasionally an alpha particle hits an electron, knocking it out of

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position. Some of these electrons are caught in "holes" in the crystal, known as electron traps. The electrons remain quiescent, in their traps, until the stone is heated. The heat excites them into activity, and they bounce around, finally falling back to their normal places. In falling, they give up the energy they took from the alpha particle, and this energy appears in the form of a quantum of visible light.

Nature's method of storing light in rocks goes on endlessly, taking place even when the uranium and thorium in the rock is as slight as one part in a million. The release of the stored light also goes on endlessly, but only in climates where seasonal warmth is sufficient to jog out the electrons.

Between zero and 32 degrees Fahrenheit, Dr. Zeller says, the "drainage" of stored light picks up appreciably. If he can measure the light stored in rocks from Antarctic regions where the temperature always stays below zero, he might be able to measure the length of time that has elapsed since these stones were drained by tropical heat.

The light measurement is done by Dr. Zeller's thermoluminescence machine. In this device is a photomultiplier tube developed by R.C.A. in 1939. It can detect a match lighted several miles away, and translate the light into electrical impulses that can be counted. The instrument also contains a small oven, for heating the stone, and a graph to record the light emitted and the temperature.

THE greater the radioactive content of a stone, the faster its electron traps will be filled, and the more light it will give off when heated. The number of electron traps varies from one specimen to another. To determine the number of traps in a given stone, the stone is heated until it is cleared of all its trapped electrons. Then the stone is exposed to a known level of radiation for a fixed time. The amount of light produced by such radiated samples enables Dr. Zeller to calculate the number of electron traps.

Eventually, Dr. Zeller hopes to discover that a certain measurable amount of light, released by heating, can be produced only in a certain length of time, by a known level of radioactivity in a material containing a certain number of electron traps. That certain length of time, in the case of the rocks from Antarctica, would be how long it has been since the average temperature there fell near freezing.

Stones brought back last year from the McMurdo Sound area indicate that that at least some parts of that region have not enjoyed really warm weather for at least 170,000 years. But some of the specimens were from places where it occasionally gets warm enough for thawing. Since thawing might have "drained" some of the imprisoned light, much colder stones will be sought in much colder places.

Together with a graduate student, Luciano Ronca of Trieste, the Kansas professor will try to hop by helicopter and ski-plane to the Horlich Mountains, about 250 miles east of the South Pole, and to the Sentinel Mountains southeast of the Pole, where the temperature stays below zero even on the warmest days.

Diamond drills and explosives will be used to get these coldest of stones from sub-surface depths of fifty feet or more. With anything closer to the surface than that, there is a risk of heat from sunlight beating down twenty-hour hours a day on rock swept free of snow by endless winds.

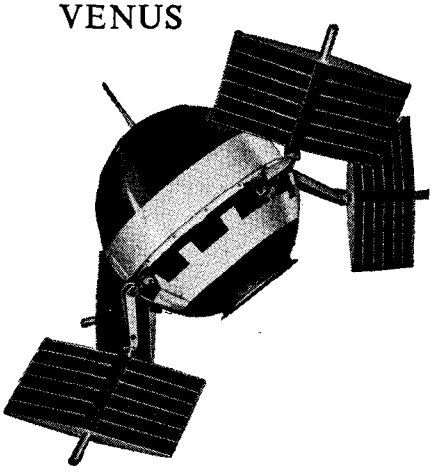
IT'S a bit adventuresome, Dr. Zeller admits, to fly with dynamite in rough air. The explosives ride on the floor of the plane, and the detonating caps are cradled on the lap of the man sitting next to the door so they can be dumped in a hurry if a bumpy landing seems imminent.

The young scientist doesn't seem to be concerned about the chances of disaster. Maybe because he flies his own plane, a Cessna 170, over much of the United States when he is at home. Maybe because he has been living with a sort of time-bomb all his life. Born with an aberrant liver that turns him pale yellow if his diet varies ever so slightly from a spartan plainness, he went through rough days as a child and found a career in science as a consequence. His parents being propertied people in Peoria, his mother had the time to read to him during his frequent sick spells. She let him choose the books. He liked science books. As he grew, she and his father encouraged him to hunt fossils in the banks of the nearby Illinois River. At Wisconsin University, he had the good fortune to study under Dr. Farrington Daniels, who led him into the mysteries of thermoluminescence. Already enchanted by the lore of rocks, it was natural for "Ed" Zeller to turn to the last great frontier on Earth where rocks have special meaning and heat is absent.

In his Antarctic quest, the chances are taken with scientific personnel—not with the cold stones. They are shipped in special aluminum containers internally upholstered with plastic foam four inches thick. The fist-sized rock fragments, each in a labeled cotton bag, are kept cold with dry ice. There is no change in climate for them until they reach Kansas.

—JOHN ALEXANDER.

PIONEER V
IS VAULTING
TOWARD THE
ORBITAL
PATH OF
VENUS



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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Space Electronics

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into research problems dependent for solution on scientists from many lands. Dr. Rabindra N. Ghose, for example, is a native of India. Born in Calcutta, he came to the United States in 1951, obtained master's degrees at the universities of Washington and Illinois and a Ph.D. at Illinois. He was all the while concerned with propagation of messages of one kind or another. In 1958, he took charge of advanced study and development for Space Electronics Corporation in Glendale, Calif. Space Electronics is a pioneer in use of Earth currents, which is to say communication beneath the Earth's surface without benefit of wires. Recently the corporation announced a $130,000 contract with the U. S. Air Force for research, experimentation and development in long range communication using Earth currents. The principles involved are explained below.*

RABINDRA N. GHOSE
Space Electronics Corp.

WHEN we speak of having "an ear to the ground" we are expressing, perhaps unconsciously, faith in a form of communication that has actually been put to the test very seldom. For messages that travel along the surface of the ground must be conveyed by Earth currents, and the use of Earth currents is only now beginning to reach a respectable degree of sophistication.

Earth currents are, in common with most of the other currents that govern human life, electromagnetic in nature. They are made up of waves, which behave similarly to radio waves. Unlike the waves that activate telephones and the telegraph, Earth currents do not depend for transmission on material connections between transmitter and receiver.

It is the medium through which the information is conveyed that makes the big difference between Earth currents and radio broadcasts. In radio messaging, the waves usually traverse the space between the Earth's surface and the ionosphere—a propagation medium which is virtually non-conducting. Consequently, very little energy contained in the waves is dissipated by or lost to the medium. But when the same waves travel through a conducting medium, such as the Earth, a considerable portion of the energy is drained off in heating the medium to allow the wave to pass. The strength of the signal reaching the receiver becomes progressively less as the distance between the transmitter and receiver is increased. Thus, communication through a conducting medium by electromagnetic waves becomes inefficient and often impractical.

Earth currents have been put to limited use, however, since World War I. The French Army adopted a crude application of Earth current technique to send morse code messages under the German fighting line.

More recently, complex mathematical analyses of James Clerk Maxwell's famous equations have led to workable Earth current communication over considerable distances. These analyses are somewhat involved. It is possible, however, to draw a physical picture of the wave propagation phenomen without undue mathematics.

Of the many paths through which electromagnetic waves can reach a receiver, the straight line path connecting the transmitter and receiver is perhaps the simplest one to conceive. As previously indicated, the signal coming through this direct path loses much of its energy to its conducting medium.

In our Space Electronics Corporation experiments we have been using an oddity of nature that was postulated in 1909 by Drs. A. Sommerfeld and J. Zenneck. From intensive study of the Maxwell equations, these two German scientists drew certain conclusions about the effects of discontinuities in the media of Earth current transmissions. If electromagnetic waves were traveling through a dense medium such as the Earth or water, and if the waves emerged into a lighter medium such as the air, Sommerfeld and Zenneck predicted the waves then would change direction and follow the surface of the discontinuity without losing nearly as much energy as would be lost if the waves were to travel in a straight line through the Earth.

Practice has confirmed their postulation, and we are now gradually extending the effective range of Earth current communication in the following manner.

We originate our signals from a transmitting station buried several hundred feet down in an abandoned borax mine in the Mojave desert. Our broadcasting antenna is a long horizontal wire, pointing in the direction of our receiver and running roughly parallel to the Earth's surface. We introduce power into the antenna, thus creating an electromagnetic field around the wire. The field in turn generates electromagnetic waves, which travel to the desert floor directly overhead. As the waves pass out of the Earth's crust and encounter the air, they respond to the presence of the discontinuity and spread out along the ground. The waves propagate in all directions, but have a tendency to prefer the direction in which our underground antenna is pointing.

On its way from the antenna to the surface of the ground, the signal weakens at the same rate as it would if it moved through the ground directly to the point of reception. Once at the surface, however, the signal loses force at a much slower rate and the message arriving at the receiver is about as strong as the transmitted signal.

In terms of power requirements, Earth current communication is not as economical as radio for long distance transmission. But Earth currents are immune to some of the natural and artificial hazards of radio broadcasting.

The storms that harry Alaska, for instance, have no effect on Earth's currents. Closer home, messages originating and terminating underground could supplant conventional communication in hurricanes, tornadoes, and severe cyclones. Earth currents might also serve various commercial purposes, such as the linking of control stations within a long pipeline; these remote installations, when commonly linked by microwave radio, have proven notoriously susceptible to vandalism and other disruptions. In the event of nuclear war, civilians and military populations alike would have to resort to underground shelters to escape the effects of detonation and radiation. These shelters probably would be buried very deep and located miles apart.

The time may come when Earth currents will carry the last hopeful voice of civilization.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1376

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Somewhat tanned, or swarthy.	67 6 170 23 150 13 148 111
B. Spirit varnish, used esp. for coating metals.	65 108 169 157 183 8 19
C. Frenchman who made sensational escape from Prussian-besieged Paris by balloon, 1870.	29 80 122 175 188 72 147 83
D. "Cluster" denoting additional military awards (comp.).	3 10 114 99 75 18 102
E. Title of bishops, abbots, monsignors, etc. (2 wds.).	79 47 7 17 1 173 82 177 94 86 68 160 145
F. In a manner of protecting. (obs.)	109 53 77 41 61 71 24 9 98 163
G. Completely.	151 158 49 164 128 15 58 43
H. The typical Victorian city house had one of these on the front door (2 wds.).	28 73 123 116 87 106 50 137 159
I. The current hebdomad (2 wds.).	103 44 124 57 2 118 165 20
J. Famous "old" Amer. Navy ship which had once a "tattered ensign."	101 117 60 31 81 121 52 85 11
K. Language.	179 42 76 126 152 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Resemblance of sounds in words and syllables.	56 16 92 30 125 174 89 187 105
M. Mother of the girl for whom the Hellespont was named.	14 91 140 130 88 162 32
N. Continue! (2 wds.).	176 51 120 146 90 35
O. The "Faithless person!" of melodrama (2 wds.).	55 186 171 119 45 78 142 156
P. One of the "interpreters" *in the Book of Mormon.*	39 180 64 69 26 131 134
Q. Dry and rough harshness of tone.	104 136 182 12 36 144 141 21 22
R. Excuse for not appearing in court at an appointed time.	107 133 110 63 27 48
S. Guttural.	153 138 184 139 112 132 100
T. In Logic, the proposition which suggests close, often *entangling, connection* with something.	167 25 93 4 70 62 143 37 161
U. From above and continuing.	166 135 127 168 115 97 155 38
V. Amer. Army officer, Chief of Staff, Amer. section, Supreme War Council at Versailles, 1917-8.	181 54 33 59 95 74
W. English county where "the Potteries" are located.	84 129 5 185 154 172 46 66 149 40 96 113 34

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 E	2 I	3 D		4 T	5 W	6 A	7 E	8 B		9 F	10 D								
11 J	12 Q	13 A	14 M	15 G		16 L	17 E	18 D	19 B	20 I	21 Q		22 Q	23 A	24 F	25 T								
26 P	27 R	28 H	29 C		30 L	31 J	32 M		33 V	34 W	35 N	36 Q	37 T	38 U		39 P								
40 W	41 F		42 K	43 G	44 I	45 O	46 W		47 E	48 R		49 G	50 H	51 N	52 J	53 F								
54 V		55 O	56 L	57 I	58 G	59 V	60 J	61 F		62 T	63 R	64 P	65 B	66 W		67 A								
68 E		69 P	70 T	71 F	72 C	73 H	74 V	75 D	76 K		77 F	78 O	79 E		80 C									
81 J	82 E	83 C		84 W	85 J	86 E	87 H	88 M	89 L	90 N		91 M	92 L	93 T	94 E	95 V								
96 W	97 U	98 F	99 D	100 S		101 J	102 D		103 I	104 Q	105 L		106 H	107 R	108 B	109 F								
	110 R	111 A	112 S	113 W	114 D		115 U	116 H	117 J	118 I		119 O	120 N	121 J	122 C	123 H								
124 I	125 L	126 K		127 U	128 G	129 W	130 M		131 P	132 S	133 R		134 P	135 U	136 Q	137 H								
138 S		139 S	140 M	141 Q	142 O		143 T	144 Q	145 E		146 N	147 C	148 A		149 W	150 A								
151 G	152 K	153 S		154 W	155 U	156 O	157 B	158 G	159 H	160 E	161 T	162 M	163 F		164 G	165 I								
166 U		167 T	168 U		169 B	170 A	171 O	172 W	173 E		174 L	175 C	176 N	177 E	178 K									
179 K	180 P	181 V		182 Q	183 B	184 S	185 W	186 O	187 L	188 C														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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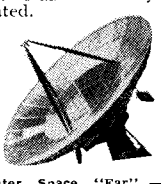

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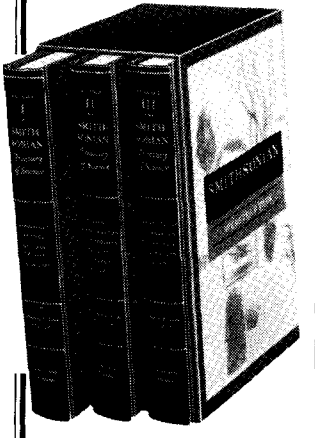

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